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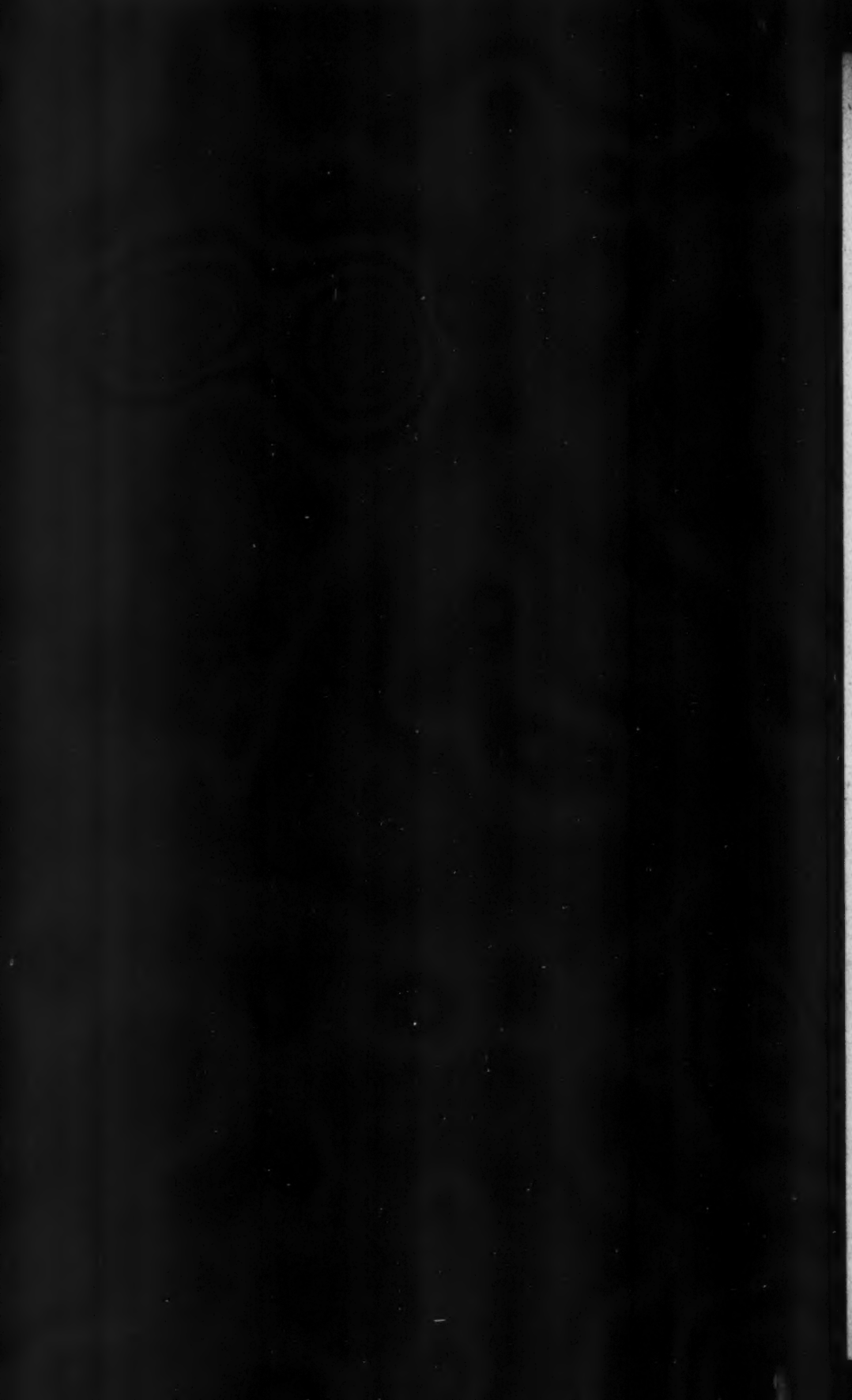
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Government by Party.

AT the moment at which we write, the attention of the largest and most influential portion of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is absorbed by the election of members for a new Parliament. For the moment, trade, commerce, literature, and even religious controversy, are thrust aside. Shopkeepers look to a revival of business—after the election. Theatres and exhibitions will fare the better when the election is over. There is no knowing whether it may not have interfered with the hunting, which to so many worthy Britons is ordinarily the highest occupation of mind and body. It will have cast its shade over the last days of the Tichborne trial, and deprived the long looked for summing up of the Chief Justice of England of half its interest. It would have made men forget the Ashantee war, if the Ashantee war were not supposed in some inscrutable way to have an influence upon the determination of votes in many a borough and county. The ordinary essentials of social life are not, indeed, suspended. Law goes on its way, the Exchange is still thronged, eating and drinking continue, the churches are still open, and railway accidents do not cease. Births and deaths and marriages preserve their average. But the adjuncts and ornaments of social life fare badly under the all-engrossing interest of a very ephemeral conflict, which will, however, open a new chapter in the history of this England of Victoria. Upon the issue of this conflict will depend which of two great parties is to rule England for the present, what set of men are to be on the Ministerial benches, who are to remain on, or to return to, the invigorating atmosphere of Opposition.

Such is the simple issue on which the country has had to decide. Such has been, more or less nakedly, the issue of every general election, under our present constitutional system, but perhaps we have seldom before seen the issue put so very plainly before the electors. The conflict was announced

with dramatic suddenness in a manifesto of the leader of the party in possession of office to his constituents, in which manifesto, shadowing forth as it did a great many important measures on which the future Parliament would have to legislate, the reason for the dissolution was very plainly pointed out in the fact, not that these important measures might not have as fair a chance in the old House of Commons as in the new, but that this question had to be settled, who should be the men to propose them to Parliament. When the leader of the Opposition answered Mr. Gladstone's manifesto by a letter to his own constituents, he attacked the Government without hinting at any desire or intention to undo their past work, or at any disagreement from the programme for the future which they had proposed. He, too, made it a question of men rather than of measures. We write too early in the interval between one of our issues and another to have the slightest knowledge of the ultimate result of the election as between the two parties; but we venture to predict that it will be found that, in England and Scotland at least, that result will have been determined by personal and party considerations, rather than by a judicial balancing of the arguments in favour of or against the measures which Mr. Gladstone has promised. The election will have been a party fight, and the issue a party triumph and a party defeat.

This is the more worthy of notice, when we consider how very little there is to choose between one party and another as to any question of principle. No doubt there is a good deal of talk about Liberal principles and about Conservative principles at times such as those of a general election. The one party is full of the glorious boons of liberty, enlightenment, progress, the destruction of abuses, the removal of grievances, the inalienable rights of humanity, and the like. The other is equally eloquent on the duty of resisting innovation, of preserving ancient institutions, hereditary landmarks, the monarchy, the Church, and the House of Lords. As far as these grand phrases go, there is all the difference in the world between the two great divisions of English gentlemen. One wonders how they can be so happy in juxtaposition; how it is that they are not always fighting in the streets, like the Montagues and Capulets. There may, perhaps, be some ingenuous minds up and down the country who believe that the distinctions between the two great parties are matters of

conscience, and that each believes that the other can only be saved by a death-bed repentance and renouncement of all its former evil ways. But any one who knows English society is perfectly aware that these magnificent differences of principle do not prevent the members of each party from being the best of friends in private life, and trusting one another in the amplest confidence of brotherly affection. It is, of course, one of the necessities of our system of party that there should be social influences industriously worked on both sides, but the most devout allegiance to Liberal principles does not prevent a man from accepting hospitality at the hands of a Conservative peeress, and the fiercest of Tories is not contaminated by dancing with the daughter of a demagogue. It does not require any anticipation of the prophetic dreams, the wolf dwelling with the ox, and the leopard lying down with the kid, to bring about the social harmony in which the vehement politicians of our day are content to live together. There is no reason whatever for their excommunicating one another. If there is any sham at all about the matter, it is when they use such strong language in Parliament or to their constituents, not when they make up so happy a family in social intercourse. The divergence in principle is put on for the occasion. It is hardly more real or more deep than the division between two elevens in a cricket match, any member of which may in the next game be playing against his present colleagues, and on the same side with his present adversaries. In political life sides are not changed so often as in the cricket-field, but that is all.

There may no doubt be real differences of principle at the bottom of the division which originally separated the Liberal and Conservative parties from one another. There is a principle involved in the maintenance of the monarchy, and in devotion to prerogative. There is a principle involved in union of Church and State, and in that supremacy of the latter over the former which was formerly an article of faith in England, and is now, amid the applause of a certain class of Englishmen, being forced upon Germany, equally as an article of faith. There is a principle in the defence of an Establishment; in the retention of the House of Lords in its ancient splendour and power, in the independence of the judges, in compulsory education, and, again, in the connection between religion and instruction. There have been times when

some of these, or principles like them, have really divided parties, and when in consequence, to a certain extent, one party maintained one clear definite theory, and another maintained another. Nay, there may be at this moment theorists on either side who have a political creed definitely reasoned out on some of those subjects, and who of course could never be expected to agree with regard to them. But it is entirely untrue that any such differences are touched by the issues which are being, or have been decided in the present election of 1874. There is no practical question as to further limitation of the English monarchy, or as to the diminution of the power of the House of Lords, or as to the separation of Church and State, or as to the destruction of the Establishment. If any such questions are on the line of discussion at present, as, for instance, the question of religious education, they divide each party in itself, not one party from another. If ever the rest of these questions come to be forced up to a decision, one party, to judge from past history, is as likely to solve them in the destructive sense as the other. A Tory Cabinet carried Catholic Emancipation, a Conservative Cabinet carried Free Trade, a Conservative Cabinet carried the last Reform Bill. Parties are not philosophical schools, and their practice is not their theory, even when they have a theory. A man may be a Conservative in what, as the great advocate said, "he is pleased to call" principle, and yet he may do very revolutionary things. A man may be a Liberal in theory, and he may yet act in the worst spirit of tyranny; he may write a Durham Letter, or he may offer the incense of sympathy to the German Chancellor. As a matter of fact, few of our statesmen are otherwise than Liberals in principle. No one could venture to speak against the principle that the people may choose their own rulers, or that the press ought not to be under censorship, or that law should never interfere with religious conviction, or that personal liberty should never be violated except by legal process, or that taxes should be levied by the authority of the Crown alone. Against some of these principles, of course, both parties have acted when they have been in power, under the plea of necessity. A few years ago, a proof of the identity of principle between the two great parties was offered by the presence of Garibaldi in England. All things considered, the guest of the day was a man whom every Christian ought to have been ashamed to notice. But in his

political aspect he represented the ultra-revolutionary principle in its simplest expression. If he had come to England in the good old Tory days of Mr. Pitt, or Lord Eldon, he would have been shunned as a monster by the dominant party in the country, and if he had found any entertainers, they would have been members of but a small section of the Radical party. As it was, he was received and fawned upon by the highest aristocrats and most Conservative statesmen of the day, as well as by their political adversaries. The only personage in the land who would not degrade herself before the popular idol was the highest of all. It may be safely concluded that there was nothing in the career or principles of Garibaldi which was inconsistent in any fatal degree with the real principles of either political party, and the same conclusion must be drawn from other incidents connected with foreign politics which have occurred in our time. Lord Palmerston, it is true, to a singular and unprecedented extent in English statesmanship, used the resources which his position placed in his power to upset more than one monarchy with which his royal mistress was on terms of amity, but Lord Palmerston's policy was eminently English, and not that of a single party in the State. It was in the spirit of Lord Palmerston that a Conservative Foreign Secretary advised the Italians to seize on Rome after its evacuation by the French, shortly before the filibustering invasion of the Papal States which ended at Mentana.

With regard to the questions as to which the new Parliament may have to legislate, it is easy to see that they are not of a sort which need necessarily raise any question of party at all. Whether the Income Tax shall be repealed, whether the household suffrage shall be extended to county constituencies, how the metropolis is to be governed, how rates are to be made lighter; these are certainly not matters as to which any principle can be at stake one way or the other. It is equally to the point to observe that we seem to be entering on a period of such legislation—legislation of a simply economical and domestic character, the manipulation of what, as far as principle goes, must be equally safe in the hands of either party. We may expect that for a long time to come such will be the case, unless the necessities of party precipitate the consideration of graver questions, which are now by common consent adjourned. For it has come to this, that, as a writer in the *Times* has lately remarked,

pugnacious as our statesmen are, it is difficult to discover any great divergence between them, and parties are not now formed because great questions exist, but rather questions are sought for because parties exist. The two armies are enrolled and disciplined, and eager for a fight, and something must be found for them to fight about. Under such circumstances the question must arise in any thoughtful mind, whether we could not get on very well without our rival parties altogether. We manage our commercial interests, our administration of justice, our police, and a thousand other details on which the good estate of the body politic depends, without regard to party. In the great offices under the Secretaries of State we already have permanent under-secretaries, "Kings of the Colonies," and the like, who are the actual rulers, who do not change with the changes of Ministry, and there is no reason in the nature of things why this system should not be extended to other departments. There is no special reason why the Chancellor should go out with the Ministry any more than the Chief Justice of England or the Speaker of the House of Commons; or why the First Lord of the Admiralty should be shifted oftener than the Commander-in-Chief. If a statesman is singularly gifted in the matter of finance it would be for the material interests of the country that he should be permanently Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the same may be said of men who are peculiarly fitted for such offices as Postmaster-General or First Commissioner of Works. Even as to the legal advisers of the Crown there may often be absolute loss to the country by frequent changes. They have to advise the Ministry on most important questions of International Law, questions on which peace and war may often depend, and it might be thought that there would be more security to the country if such places were occupied permanently by men who have made such matters their particular study. In short, if we were to select the best administrators in the country for the public service, the men who would work the Home Office, and the War Office, and the India Office, and the Colonial Office the best, and so on with the other great departments, we should probably have to make up what would be called a Coalition Cabinet, taking some men from one party and some from another. There would be an outcry at once against this, as if it would entail a sacrifice of principle on the part of the several members of such a Cabinet. But there would be no

sacrifice of principle, unless the two parties were really divided on questions of principle. Then, again, such a scheme would entail the surrender of another dominant rule of our present system, the solidarity of the Government. It would be absurd under such a state of things to turn out a whole Cabinet because a Home Secretary had done a foolish thing, or because the Chancellor of the Exchequer had brought in a bad budget. The man who had offended would have to go, and another would take his place. Ministers would be responsible to Parliament one by one, and not as a body held together by a nominal tie of party honour, which by no means implies identity of opinion, or even of principles.

We are, of course, very far from thinking such an arrangement as Government without party possible in England, or even advisable. The objections to our present party system are obvious and on the surface. They would be far more plausible and cogent than they are if it were not for the public spirit and real patriotism which underlie our public life, and furnish us at a really small cost with the best services of men of all parties, and which, in times of real danger or necessity to the country, override all our divisions. If ever the time comes when, like the Republicans in France, our parties are more devoted to their own interests than to the general interests of the country, then the party system will be the ruin of England. As it is, there are many advantages secured to us by the system which we could ill afford to dispense with. The vigilant criticism on the acts of the Government in power, which is the duty of her Majesty's Opposition, is in itself a public good. As the men who have the office of what we may call the political "devil's advocate" to perform, are themselves possible occupants of the Ministerial benches, their criticism is necessarily tempered by the wholesome thought that they may soon have to undergo the same ordeal. This fact, and the fact that it has to be spoken with full personal responsibility in an assemblage of English gentlemen, preserves Parliamentary criticism, under ordinary circumstances, from much of the cynicism and unreasonableness which characterize the utterances of those anonymous watchmen for the public good whose lucubrations are to be read in the daily and weekly papers. The pompous arrogance of the *Times*, and the unrelieved snarl of the *Saturday Review* would never be tolerated for a week in the House of Commons. It is just because we

have strong and well organized political parties that the power of the Press has never attained that exaggerated proportion in England which it has reached in other countries. Again, the whole of our political and administrative system throws open an immense amount of work for the public, done voluntarily and without payment by the best educated, richest, and most influential classes in the country, and although in a great number of cases these services would be, and are, rendered without any consideration of party objects as motives or half motives, it might well be feared that an entire absence of such spurs to exertion might not be very profitable in this regard. Emulation, rivalry, *esprit de corps*, the sense of an enemy's presence and of his eye upon us, all these things have their value in rousing our poor human nature to its duties or to its self-imposed tasks, even when the enemy in question is a very good neighbourly fellow after all. Party spirit, when it is not exaggerated, implies a wholesome stimulus of this sort, and it may fairly be questioned whether it does not secure us against a good many more abuses of power and patronage than those which it occasions. One can hardly help regarding the struggle of parties among us as a game of strength and skill, but it is at all events a game which develops healthy forces and muscular activity, which fosters manliness of character and generous self-devotion. It has its great faults and drawbacks, and it is in itself something of a sham. But it occupies and develops energies which might otherwise be either dormant or dangerous, it uses up the British pugnacity which might do more mischief if it were stifled, and it has hitherto preserved us from those underground conspiracies against society which have desolated so many of the noblest realms on the Continent of Europe.

Thus, therefore, even if it is to our system of Government by party that we must set down many of the inconveniences which have been mentioned above, if it prevents us from having the best man in each administrative post, if it now and then sends Aristides into exile, not from his country, but from power, if it sometimes puts upon us a Cleon or a sausage seller in places where such men ought not to be, if it awkwardly affects the distribution of patronage, and forces our noblest statesmen into undue intimacy with agents by no means as noble as themselves, even if this and a great deal more were true of it, it would still be as defensible as it is inevitable. What is to be wished and

what is practicable is, not that there should be no parties, but that they should be moderate in their pugnacity, that they should be well and prudently, and courteously led, and ready to sacrifice occasions of strife to the interests of the public good. Parties become factions when they use the opportunities which their Parliamentary position affords them to impede legislation for the sake of reproaching their rivals with having accomplished nothing, and they become unpatriotic when they lend themselves to a popular cry in which they do not in their hearts sympathize, the tendency of which is the dismemberment or disunion of the Empire. There have been instances in our own time, notably with regard to measures relating to Catholicism and to the justice owed by England to Ireland, as to which neither of the two great parties among us can afford to throw a stone at the other. Party manœuvres and jealousies may thus easily prevent great and necessary good, or inflict on the body politic almost irreparable evil. The leading statesmen on each side may be agreed in their secret conviction as to the necessity of some wise measure of justice to an unpopular portion of the Empire, and yet neither side may venture to propose it because it is certain that the other will make political capital out of the occasion. The opportunity passes away, never to return, and the personal ambition or animosity of a particular leader may thus entail upon his country an inheritance of internal weakness. Again, there are a number of important questions which lie out of the reach of party divisions, properly so called, which yet can never, as it seems, be settled to the advantage of the country except by a generous agreement between party leaders. Such a question, perhaps, is the government of London. Such a question is the reform of the House of Commons itself, not in respect of the franchise or the distribution of seats, or anything else external to its own machinery and working. No deliberative assembly in the world spends so much time and so much talk to produce so little. No assembly listens to so many useless questions and impertinent harangues on subjects with which it has no practical concern whatever. No assembly ever begins so many subjects half a dozen times over without finishing any of them. The Session might be half its length, if nothing were ever taken in hand but what it is certain can be finished; and in no assembly is it so easy for a few determined opponents of a measure of justice to prevent its accomplishment by the simple process of repeated delay. Yet the House of Commons can be

business-like when it chooses, and it contains the best heads of the most practical nation in the world. The rivalry of parties prevents every question from being considered on its own merits and importance exclusively, and if there were no party jealousies the reform would quickly be made. There is the same sort of question about the House of Lords. The existence of political parties is in this case a safeguard, for if there were no such divisions there would be far more danger of collision between the stronger and weaker branches of the Legislature. But a combined action on the part of the great parties seems to present the only hope for the ultimate preservation of the House of Lords. As long as its renovation by Life Peerages is impossible, because neither party will trust the other to frame or rather to administer the necessary legislation, and as long as the House itself remains a dreary solitude, because it is not thought well to allow the Peers to initiate too many important measures, and so there is no reason for their attendance, so long will the tendency on the public mind, to think the House altogether useless and abnormal, grow and increase. And yet our great parties could confer few greater boons on their country than the restoration of the House of Lords to its proper influence. The single omnipotence of the Lower House is one of our greatest dangers only to be averted by the detention of the House of Lords.

It may very well be the case that some of these improvements in our Parliamentary system may have a better chance in the hands of one party than in those of another. This is quite obvious in the case of any substantial improvement in the efficacy of the House of Lords. In the House of Commons, on the other hand, in which nine-tenths of the Parliamentary business of the country is now got through, there are eminent and practical men on both sides of the House who, if they would combine to form a plan, and then further combine to insist on its adoption, might be able to force their respective parties to measures which would very materially improve the usefulness of the House and the chances of more speedy legislation. What is really wanted seems to be that the members of the House of Commons themselves should be prevailed on to forego their valued privilege of wasting its time by talk on every conceivable subject under the sun. A system such as our party system encourages the indulgence of this fatal privilege, especially in times when party spirit runs high, and there is no very urgent issue, relating to the most

important interests of the country, to form the subject-matter of dispute.

We hear from time to time of the proposed formation of a middle party, which should be composed of moderate men who are not themselves ambitious of power, and who might hold the balance between the two chief divisions of the country in such a manner as to prevent extravagance on either side, and make factious moves impossible. We fear that, in the present condition of England, such a party is not very likely to come into being. Even when the difference between the two great contending parties is very small, as is the case at present, moderate men and men of intermediate sections do not usually fare well at a general election. The Ballot may perhaps alter this, in so far as it seems not unlikely that the result of its introduction will be to loosen the hold of distinctly party influences on the individual voter, and to strengthen the chances of candidates who are personally known to the constituency as useful and popular members of society, whatever may be the side on which they appear in the lists of party. The truth is that the House of Commons almost always contains a considerable number of very moderate men, who do not follow their leaders blindly, and are, as a general rule, averse to motions of merely party warfare and to factious tactics. The strengthening of such a body of men is a more feasible object of desire than the formation of a third party, and it would be still more easy of attainment than it seems at present if some limit could be put to the canvassing and pledging of candidates, which must certainly be the least pleasant of the duties of an aspirant to Parliamentary honours. It is all very well for the leaders of the respective parties, or for the candidates themselves, to issue their addresses and harangues on the questions which are likely to form the subjects of legislation as well as on general principles, if general principles can be found which in truth and not in name only underlie the divisions of party. The constituencies have a right to know the opinions of the men whom they are asked to vote for, but, at the same time, the present practice of exacting answers as to possible votes on all manner of questions is degrading to Parliament and to the nation itself, because it encourages hasty promises, and supports the idea that members of Parliament are merely delegates. The unfortunate candidate who has to swallow half the pledges thrust upon him

at the present day must feel as uncomfortable after the process as if he had made it a matter of conscience to eat of every dish at a Lord Mayor's dinner. Women's rights Leagues, Anti-Vaccination Leagues, Contagious Diseases Act Repeal Leagues, Labour Representation Leagues, not to speak of the Licensed Victuallers and the Education Leaguers—all these must be like nightmares, "heavy upon the souls" of the poor men who have let themselves be intimidated into swallowing their respective prescriptions. No doubt the remedy lies in the hands of the candidates themselves, if both sides will only agree not to submit to a dictation which is inconsistent with any true or high idea of the duties of a member of Parliament. But where shall we find the pair of rivals virtuous or high-minded enough to unite in putting down the nuisance? How many men will present themselves on the 5th of March at Westminster, after a hard-fought contest, whose moral digestion will be altogether free from derangement in this respect? It would be better if both parties would combine in Parliament itself, rather than on the several fields of particular conflict before the constituencies, and put an end, as far as the arrangement of an election can do so, to a practice which bids fair to introduce some very deleterious elements into the English system of Government by Party.

It is, of course, obvious to add that the system, at its best, at least under present circumstances, cannot interfere with vital principles or our allegiance to duties which are even indirectly, though truly, connected with the interests of religion and truth. It supposes a state of things in which such questions have been settled, in which there are no intolerable wrongs and no plain injustice inflicted upon any portion of the community. We say it supposes this in theory, but unfortunately theory and practice in England and Ireland do not always coincide. When there are real hardships to be redressed which press especially on a small and unpopular part of a great community, it is too often found to be the case that party interests operate against justice. We cannot feel the slightest doubt that, notwithstanding all the fine words of various statesmen in the great debate of last year concerning Irish University Education, that question would long ago have been settled in the sense of a just consideration for the rights of the Catholics of Ireland, but for party considerations on both sides of the House. The leaders of the two parties know perfectly well what is just,

and would willingly grant it; but their parties must be considered, and neither is willing to put the Protestant cry into the mouth of the other. We may say the same, with still more force, of the comparatively small measure of simple justice which has been demanded of the House of Commons during so many successive Sessions in the shape of a Prison Ministers Act. Here was a measure which was but the issue of the deliberations of a Committee of the House itself, taken from both sides, a measure against the fairness and justice of which not even its adversaries could find a word to say. Whatever objections could be made to it were simply the objections felt by a strong majority against putting a weak minority into the possession of natural rights. And yet this measure has now for Session after Session been shelved. The Government have been induced to shirk the responsibility of forcing it on, and it has really been stopped by a handful of opponents led by the illustrious names of Newdegate and Whalley. That the leaders of two powerful political parties, men who are as well aware of the justice and even of the expediency of the measure as any Catholic chaplain in the Three Kingdoms, should yet be so afraid of one another and of a section of their own supporters as to feel unable to combine in a matter of so elementary a character, shows us the weakness of the system which we have been considering. Another kindred hardship—a peculiarly odious hardship, for it is a hardship arising out of the unfair administration of public charity—is the open injustice which is now done, without even the pretence of concealment, as to the children of Catholic paupers in the workhouses. The party system looks miserable indeed in the face of this outrageous wrong. In ordinary cases it may serve the country well, and may perhaps be the best system that can be devised for securing the greatest amount of public spirit from the influential classes of the community. But bigotry can paralyze the arms of party leaders, can force the statesmen of a mighty empire, by considerations of party interest, to leave untouched abuses, the enormity of which they recognize, and so, with their eyes open, to endanger the future safety of their country by allowing the sense of wrong and of the denial of justice as to their dearest and most vital interests, to rankle in hearts which would gladly be as loyal as any others.

The three Ambrosian Sepulchres.

TOWARDS the end of the fourth century the names and burial-place of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, martyred in Milan under Nero, were almost forgotten. In 313, Constantine's decree of freedom of worship was promulgated. Then arose many Basilicas, amongst others that afterwards called by St. Ambrose the Nova, near which in the Baptistry, called the Basilica of the Baptistry, St. Ambrose, and later St. Augustine and St. Alypius were baptized.

St. Ambrose erected two churches, one the Romana, in form of a cross, and the other called the Ambrosiana. The occasion of the erection of this latter was the death and burial of his brother Satyrus in 379. St. Ambrose had buried him in the Basilica of Fausta, on the left of where lay the body of St. Victor, martyr. In his funeral oration on the occasion, St. Ambrose speaks of his wish to be buried near his brother, and so he and his sister Marcellina were ultimately buried. St. Ambrose wished to arrange this so that all three, could be in a church and under an altar. This church was called by the people the Ambrosian. In the interior, St. Ambrose had some of the principal events in the Old Testament painted, those especially that were types of the New, and added descriptions of each beneath, *e.g.*, Noah with the ark and dove, and Isaac ready to be sacrificed. The altar had over it a Baldacchino supported on four porphyry columns, presenting the appearance of a small Roman temple; underneath were the sarcophagi of the martyrs. This arrangement was usual in those early days, and is still seen in many churches. It was called variously the confession, martyrrium, sanctuary, ciborium, "tempietto" or "tempio." Behind the altar was the chair or episcopal cathedra, facing the people, with seats on each side for the lesser clergy. All this part was separated from the people by a balustrade. St. Ambrose had completed and consecrated this church in April, 386, but had placed no relics there.

But a few days later he discovered some, in the manner thus described by his secretary, the Deacon Paulinus, in his *Life of St. Ambrose*—

The persecution directed by Justina, the Empress-Mother, an Arian, against the holy martyrs was at its height. . . . At that time the holy martyrs, Protasius and Gervasius, by revelation, made themselves known to the Bishop. Their bodies were deposited in the church in which are now the bodies of the martyrs, Nabor and Felix. But whilst these last were honoured with a special *cultus* and a great concourse of people, of these two martyrs, Protasius and Gervasius, both the names and the sepulture were unknown : so that over their sepultures everybody passed to and fro in approaching the balustrade that protected the graves of Nabor and Felix.

Paulinus then describes the transfer of these two bodies to the Ambrosian Church, in the midst of great solemnity and with accompanying miracles. St. Ambrose, in a letter to his sister, Marcellina,¹ thus refers to the same event—

I have to inform you that we also have found some holy martyrs. It happened thus. I had completed the dedication of the Basilica, but the manner of doing so displeased many, who came to me and said, "You ought to dedicate it as you did the Basilica in the Via Romana, *i.e.*, by placing relics in it." "Willingly," I replied; "if any relics of martyrs are found for me, I will do so." And suddenly I felt within me an inspiration, an ardent impression, which urged me. In a word, the Lord granted the favour. Having proceeded with attendants to the Basilica Naboriana, I gave orders for them to dig in the spot just in front of the balustrade of SS. Nabor and Felix. The attendants were seized with fear. We came upon evidences very satisfactory. For having dug away the earth, the saints very soon began to make themselves known; so that, seeing the urn, the attendants took hold of it, and opened it in the very spot of the holy sepulture, whilst we still kept silent. We found within two male skeletons of remarkable stature, such as were in ancient times, all the bones entire, and a great deal of blood. For two days there was a great crowding of the people. In brief, we put the bones together in their places and embalmed them. As it was getting dusk, we transferred these bodies to the neighbouring Basilica of Fausta, and there we kept watch all night in prayer. On the following day we transferred them to the Basilica which the people has taken to call the Ambrosian. Whilst this "translation" was taking place, a blind man, named Severus, recovered his sight. I made a discourse to the people.

We omit the greater part of the discourse, quoting only the concluding portion—

Thanks be to Thee, Lord Jesus, Who hast raised the spirits of these holy martyrs at this time in which Thy Church hath need of help the most available, I mean of defenders—of those who are able to bear the brunt of of battle, not to offer it. For such I yearn; let all know it; and such are these whom I have acquired for thee, O holy people; such as do good to

¹ *Epist.* 22.

all, harm to none. Such are the defenders whom I ambition to have ; such are the soldiers whom I have, soldiers not of the world, but of Christ ; such my guards, whose guardianship, whilst it is the bravest, is also the most peaceable. "Some trust in chariots, some in horses, but we in the name of the Lord." It is narrated in the Holy Scripture,² that Eliseus, being surrounded by the Syrian army, said to his servant, Giezi, who was in great alarm, "Be not afraid ; see how many more we have in our defence than are against us." And Giezi, by a grace obtained from God, opening his eyes, beheld an innumerable army of angels gathered near to assist the prophet. We do not behold these heavenly spirits, but we feel their presence. So in the past time our eyes were closed, and we saw not the bodies of the saints hidden under ground ; we knew not the protectors who so often had undertaken our defence. Therefore, whilst we were in trepidation and fear, the Lord seems to say to us, "See what martyrs I have given you." Happy are we, who with our eyes behold the glory of the Lord, the glory of their past martyrdom, the glory of their actual miracles ! Old people now begin to remember that long ago they have heard the names of these saints, and read the inscription over their burial-place ; but of late the city had lost its own martyrs, and had appropriated for itself those of another country (Victor, Nabor, and Felix were Africans).

This discovery is a gift from God ; and I cannot but acknowledge with thanks the grace that the Lord Jesus has granted for the time of my priesthood, that since I have not the merit of becoming a martyr, I have the consolation of having obtained for you these martyrs. Behold ! noble relics have been dug out of an ignoble burial-place ; the trophies of the two conquerors have been brought to the light of day. The sepulchre is bathed in blood. That sign that indicates their triumph is there. The relics are found untouched in their place, in their order : the head severed from the trunk. Let these triumphant victims now come and stand where Christ stands—He Himself the victim ; but He above the altar, as the One Who has suffered for all ; these martyrs beneath the altar, as those who have been redeemed by His Passion. That place beneath the altar I had already predetermined upon for my own sepulchre, it being just that the priest should have his remains reposing in the spot where he was wont to offer the holy sacrifice ; but I give up the right hand portion to the sacred victims : this part is due to the martyrs. Let us then consign to their place these sacred remains ; let us bear them within a structure worthy of them, and with sincere devotion let us celebrate this day.

The consignment or "deposition" of the relics at the request of the people was deferred till next day. The Arians meanwhile were not inclined to let the incident pass without disturbance ; they exclaimed it was an imposture, denied the facts, spread it about that the holy Bishop had with bribes prevailed on some men to feign themselves possessed, who were then freed from the obsession by the martyrs and by Ambrose ; and uttered much insolent abuse against the Faith and the Catholic Church, the mother of the saints. Ambrose on the next day made

² 4 Kings vi.

another discourse, in which he refutes the Arians, gives the evidence of the miracle of the blind man Severus, restored to sight the instant he touched the fringe of the cloths in which the sacred relics were wrapped, cites the evidence of the obsessed delivered, and the testimony of the demons themselves, concluding with these words—"The devil confesses the fact, but the Arians are not willing to own it."

It is worth observing that the martyrdom or death of these two martyrs, called in ecclesiastical language their passion or birthday, has never been celebrated; for nothing is known either of the kind of martyrdom by which they suffered or of the day of their triumph; but only their invention, translation, or deposition are mentioned. St. Augustine, who had been present in Milan at the miraculous discovery and at the solemnity of the deposition, said to his people in Hippo many years afterwards in a sermon—"We celebrate to-day, that day in which the precious mortal remains of SS. Gervasius and Protasius were found by means of Ambrose, a man of God."³

This event occurred in 386. St. Ambrose survived eleven years longer. The Emperor Theodosius died in 394, and was succeeded by his sons Arcadius and Honorius. St. Ambrose died on Holy Saturday, April 4, 397, after having been bishop for twenty-three years and four months. He was buried on Easter Sunday in the spot which he had chosen, under the high altar on the epistle side, and next to the sepulchre of SS. Gervasius and Protasius. As his biographer, the Deacon Paulinus relates, "the funeral resembled a triumph. Crowds of every rank, age, and sex were there, even Jews and Pagans flocking to the church to honour the burial of such a man. Men and women threw handkerchiefs and linen girdles over the body, and happy was he thought who succeeded in touching the corpse." His sister, Marcellina, was buried in the same church at some little distance behind the high altar.

Milan was sacked by Attila in 452, and devastated later by Odoacer, King of the Heruli, who however was defeated by Theodoric, King of the Goths, in 493. St. Laurentius, then Bishop of Milan, returned to the city after that victory, and finding the "temples of God converted into stables, and the finest Basilicas befouled with much uncleanness, he not only restored them to their former state, but even put them into still better condition." St. Laurentius must on this occasion

³ *Serm.* 286.

have opened the sepulchres of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and of St. Ambrose, as coins exactly of that period have been found in these sarcophagi, together with coins of the Emperor Theodosius, placed by St. Ambrose in the sarcophagus of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and of the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius placed in his own tomb at the time of his interment in 397. In the sixth century, St. Gregory of Tours, in 560, in his treatise, *De Gloria Martyrum*, refers to these martyrs. Houses of retirement for such as wished to devote themselves to a life of prayer in memory of a saint, were often in the early times annexed to the great sanctuaries. There was one such contiguous to the Ambrosian Church, and the first person who so consecrated himself was Severus, whose sight had been miraculously restored. He lived for twenty years in this way. St. Augustine speaks of him, and mentions that he himself "congratulated Severus on the recovery of his sight, and when a year afterwards I left Milan, I left him still engaged in the service of the Basilica, and I think he is still there alive and full of fervour." Mention is made of the relics and body of St. Ambrose under the altar in a deed of gift to the Hospitium of the Basilica, under King Luitprand in 742, and in a deed of the Archbishop Peter in 789. Frescoes in the apse representing St. Mansuetus, Archbishop of Milan, with other bishops in council against the Monothelites, are attributed to the eighth century. Towards the end of the eighth century, Peter was Archbishop, and Charlemagne was Emperor. This Archbishop entirely renewed the Basilica, preserving merely the three naves, and constructing the building as it now stands. Its style of architecture is Romanesque. This Archbishop changed the title of the Basilica, as we find in a diploma of that period, A.D. 789—"Hanc ecclesiam construximus pro amore beati Christi confessoris Ambrosii et sanctorum martyrum Protasii et Gervasii." At this time also monks of the Benedictine rule were attached to this Basilica, that "before the holy bodies of these saints they might continually and publicly celebrate the divine offices." Charlemagne by a deed in 790 confirmed the foundation of this monastery and added revenues for its support.

In the earliest ages the bodies of saints were usually placed under the altar, but below the pavement; in later times they were placed rather above the pavement in an urn under the altar slab; but later still they came to be placed above, or on the altar, for the greater devotion of the people. This raising

of the relics or sacred body above the pavement is called the elevation or exaltation of the bodies. The event was frequently commemorated by an annual festival.

Angilbert the Second, who was elected Archbishop of Milan in 824, effected this "exaltation" of the relics of the three saints. He left undisturbed in their position under the altar, and at right angles to it, the two sarcophagi, covering them over with a thick marble slab, and above this he placed transversely, and therefore lying in the same direction as the altar, a large sarcophagus or urn of porphyry, in which he placed the three bodies. He covered it with its lid of porphyry, and built it round with a wall-work of stones and bricks, like a square well. Over the urn he laid further a large slab of marble, the ends of which were built into the brickwork of the wall. Over this he placed another slab of porphyry, similarly built in, and upon this he placed and set up the grand altar of gold, silver, and precious stones, which has remained the wonder of succeeding ages. Murray, in his *Handbook of Northern Italy*, describes it as the most remarkable monument of metallurgic art of the middle ages now surviving. His description of it, and of the subjects represented in relief upon it, occupies three columns of very small type. It narrowly escaped being seized and melted down by the French revolutionary commissioners in 1797. A reference to this altar which he had constructed, is made by Angilbert in 835, in a diploma of that date preserved in the archives of St. Fidele, and confirmed by the Emperor Lothair. The event, as was customary in those times, was commemorated by a festival, and in an old parchment codex, the date of which is prior to the year 850, existing in the archives of the Ambrosian Basilica, there is recorded in a martyrology, on the "viii Kal. April (25 March) adnuntiatio dominica. . . . et in mediolano, *Exaltatio* corporum sanctorum Protasii et Gervasii martyrum et confessoris Ambrosii." This festival was observed, and can be traced in ancient martyrologies for nearly five centuries. It ultimately was joined to and commemorated with "the deposition," on the 5th of April. Curious and interesting records have come down to us, showing in what relative position Angilbert placed in the porphyry urn the bodies which he removed from the sarcophagi beneath. In the metal work of the altar of Angilbert, the three saints are figured by their names on shields, and St. Ambrose is placed in the centre, St. Protasius on his right, St. Gervasius on his left. A still more

detailed representation is found in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the Ambrosian Library. This contains a beautiful illumination, which from intrinsic evidence derived from its ornaments, dress, &c., is known to have been copied from a still earlier illumination of the tenth or eleventh centuries. In this the death of St. Ambrose is depicted; and in an adjoining compartment of the illuminated manuscript the Saint, clad in his episcopal robes, and with a mitre of ancient form on his head, is represented as lying in the sarcophagus; St. Gervasius and St. Protasius being drawn, the latter as lying on his right, the former on his left. Even the coins are depicted as lying in the urn. In the first illumination, on a scroll which is in the hand of St. Ambrose, there is written, *Depositio Ambrosii*; in the second illumination, which represents the three bodies in the porphyry urn, there is written on a similar scroll, *Depositio Ambrosii secundo*, or for the second time, referring evidently to the removal of the bodies into the porphyry urn, effected by Angilbert. Further testimony as to the position of the bodies is afforded by a thirteenth century fresco in the crypt beneath the sanctuary, wherein, on the very wall which underlies the high altar, in a niche, is depicted in fresco a representation of the three saints in the relative position described above.

A curious confirmation as to the antiquity of this fresco is furnished by a dispute which arose regarding the custody of the shrine of the saints between the monks and the canons of the Basilica, in the fourteenth century. A Pontifical Legate is sent down, before whom the cause is tried, and the act of citation of witnesses, still preserved, bears the date 1333. The witnesses are called to prove priority of possession, and one of these, an old priest named Bernaroldo, in giving his evidence, speaks of this niche in the crypt, and says that there the saints are represented just as they lie in their sepulchre. He had seen the fresco some forty years previous to the date of his evidence. Diplomas and grants of bishops and princes in reference to these relics are preserved, ranging from the ninth to the twelfth century. In the eleventh century, Aquilinus, from Wurzburg, came to visit the shrine. In 1132, St. Bernard, Cardinal Bishop of Parma, and in 1135, the great St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, came to reverence this sanctuary.

The most terrible visitation that Milan has experienced was after its surrender to Frederick the First, surnamed Barbarossa, in 1162, when his vengeance cooperating with, or rather

instigated by the jealousies of the surrounding cities, Pavia, Cremona, Lodi, Como, and Novara, razed it to the ground.

On Palm Sunday in that fatal year, when the Emperor departed in triumph for Pavia, the site of the great city was to be recognized only by the Basilica of Sant' Ambrosio and some few others of the churches, which were left standing in the midst of the ruins. The sparing of the Church of St. Ambrosio on this occasion, was owing to the circumstance that the Benedictine monks in charge of it were in the good graces of Barbarossa. In fact, in 1186, Barbarossa had his son Henry crowned in that Basilica, after the marriage ceremony had been performed there of his son with Constance of Sicily. In the thirteenth and fourteenth century, references to the shrine and sacred bodies become still more numerous. In the thirteenth century, the vault beneath receives its fresco paintings, and the great cupola above the high altar is erected. In a manuscript, A.D. 1300, it is mentioned how the archbishop, on the festival of St. Ambrose, gets on horseback and goes to the Church of St. Ambrose, where his sacred body reposes, and there sings in his honour the Mass of a Confessor. One manuscript of 1318, speaking of the bodies of the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, says that between them lies the body of Blessed Ambrose.

In the great work on the antiquities of Milan, begun by Castiglione in the sixteenth, and printed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, he sums up all the traditions regarding the sacred relics, and says, "Whatever may be the way in which the urn and the three bodies are placed, it is the constant tradition of every age, from Angilbert to this day, that these three bodies are there under the altar," and he then cites a long list of chroniclers and biographers, native and foreign, who record this tradition.

From this date to our own times there is nothing special to record. The shrine continued in veneration, and though many of the archbishops, and amongst them Cardinal Odescalchi in the last century, projected the opening and examination of the shrine, it remained untouched and undisturbed until the month of January, 1864. In that month certain repairs were going on in the church, and as it was necessary to get at the base of the large porphyry columns that support the confession of the high altar, and as this proceeding involved the breaking into the wall and brickwork constructed in the ninth century round the sepulchres and urn by Angilbert, the reverend provost of the

Basilica obtained, by faculties delegated to him, permission to institute a research as to the position of the sepulchres. An ecclesiastical commission was appointed, and the excavations under its direction led to the discovery of the three sepulchres, placed exactly as the traditions of ages had described them. Lowest of all, beneath the high altar, were the two marble *loculi* or coffins, lying lengthwise in the sense of the length of the church, or from east to west, both of them empty, except some earth, a few teeth, and some small coins. In the one on the Gospel side of the altar had been the bodies of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, placed there by St. Ambrose in the fourth century; in the one on the epistle side had been the body of St. Ambrose, placed there as he had desired, after his death in A.D. 397. Above these *loculi*, and resting on the marble slabs placed over them, was found the large porphyry urn, placed transversely to their direction, *i.e.*, lying in a direction north and south. This discovery filled all Catholic Milan with joy. The provost, as soon as he beheld this urn, reverently approached and kissed it, for he knew that it contained the sacred bodies placed in it one thousand years ago by Angilbert. Seals were then set upon the urn until such time as it might be deemed expedient to have the porphyry lid removed and the contents of the urn examined. This did not take place until August 9, 1871, and the *Civiltà Cattolica* thus describes what took place on the occasion—

In the evening of the 9th August, 1871, there were assembled at the tomb his Excellency the Archbishop, the Provost and Chapter of St. Ambrogio, the Doctors of the Ambrosian Library, and the Professors of the Museum of Archæology. An inspection was made of the seals which had been placed on the lid in 1864, and these being found untouched, they were then broken, and the uncovering of the urn was proceeded with in the form prescribed by the Holy See. When the marble lid was removed, the three skulls and the bones of the saints were seen, in an excellent state of preservation, lying at the bottom of the urn, and immersed in very clear water. This water was analyzed and found to be natural water which had percolated through the fissure of the lid when the Basilica had been inundated. In the middle was the body of St. Ambrose, recognizable by the precious pontifical ornaments that still remained in fragments upon it. On each side was a skeleton, the bodies of the holy martyrs, SS. Gervase and Protase, of extraordinary stature. The urn was then re-covered and re-sealed, and the joyful news was at once sent in a telegram to the Holy Father. A few days later, by a new act and in presence of competent witnesses, the urn was again uncovered by the removal of the lid. The water was extracted by means of a syphon, and placed in the sacristy. The bones of the saints were carefully taken out and laid in exactly the same position which they occupied in the urn upon a table covered with sacred cloths. The festival rejoicing that ensued

in Milan it would be difficult to describe. May this discovery be the presage of a fresh triumph for the Church in the persecution she is now enduring, as of old the discovery of the holy martyrs, SS. Gervasius and Protasius, by means of St. Ambrose, seemed to announce the discomfiture of Arianism in the West.

In final confirmation of this interesting discovery, the Sacred Congregation of Rites, on July 34, 1873, published a decree confirming the judgment pronounced by the Archbishop of Milan on the authenticity of the bodies of St. Ambrose, St. Protasius, and St. Gervasius, discovered on August 8th, in the porphyry urn, and placing the relics under the immediate protection of the Holy See.

We may well, in conclusion, echo the prayer of the writer of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the fresh discovery of these relics may lead to an increased devotion to the martyrs and to the blessed Archbishop of Milan, and that this increased devotion may lead to the speedy triumph of the Church. We recognize the spirit of St. Ambrose in the noble stand which is now being made by the Episcopate of Germany against an Emperor by no means so admirable for Christian virtue as the great Theodosius. We recognize the martyr spirit in numberless members of the Catholic clergy and laity, both in Germany and Italy, whose sufferings are not the less real because the time has not yet come for resistance unto blood. When that time shall come, we may trust that God will not fail to console the Church by raising up for her champions as brave as those over the discovery of whose relics St. Ambrose so greatly rejoiced.

G. L.

Napoleon the First and his National Council.

THE Church militant on earth is the holy brotherhood of believers founded by Christ, wherein, through the ministry of an abiding apostolate, directed by the Holy Ghost, He continues the works of His mortal life, even to the end of ages, and gathers together all generations into the eternal and indissoluble unity of God. Considered from this standpoint, the Church is the real, abiding presence of Christ in history, and hence her annals must needs bear record of oscillations between alternate conflict and triumph. Placed in the midst of society, which it is her mission to regenerate and to transform into the Kingdom of God upon earth, she is, by the very necessity of her position, brought into hostile contact with the errors and passions of each succeeding age; the sphere of her activity is, at the same time, that wherein the powers of darkness energize and challenge her to a truceless contest. No wonder, then, that her history should reflect the vicissitudes of war, that the storms which shake the very foundation of the moral world, should appear to merely human forecast, to threaten her with ruin, that in the deepening gloom of the present crisis, the unstable and faint-hearted should almost lose hope of the dawn of coming deliverance, all memory of the succour vouchsafed at no distant past in straits no less formidable than the present distress.

We have but to cast a retrospective glance on an epoch separated from us by no more than the brief span the Psalmist¹ assigns to human life. By an Imperial ordinance given at Schoenbrunn, May 19, 1809, Napoleon had declared the annexation of the temporal dominions of the Holy See to the French Empire, a decree which was followed by a rapid and complete execution. The despoiled Pontiff issued a Bull² detailing the penalties enacted by the Apostolic Constitutions and Œcumenical Councils against all sacrilegious invaders of

¹ Psalm lxxxix. 10.

² *Quum memoranda illa die.* June 11, 1809.

the ancient and sacred heritage of the Church of Rome, and declaring that they had been incurred by all who had taken part in the recent violation of his sovereign rights.

His person was seized, and he was hurried, under guard of a military escort, to Grenoble, and thence to Savona, where he was kept under rigid surveillance. The Sacred College was for the most part summoned to Paris, to enhance the splendour of the Imperial Court, and to serve as butts to the sarcastic insolence of the self-styled successor of Charlemagne, who kept them together with a view to the eventualities of the next Papal election. Forcibly separated from his counsellors, hindered from all communication with the Churches, precluded from instituting a canonical inquest into the character and doctrine of those presented to vacant sees by the Imperial Government, Pius the Seventh felt compelled to withhold canonical institution, an essential prerequisite, according to the *Regule Juris*,³ for the legal exercise of any ecclesiastical office. The Emperor, being thus checkmated by the passive resistance of the captive Pontiff, bethought him of an expedient for filling up the vacant sees, which was in flagrant contravention with the Fourth⁴ Canon of the Second Council of Lyons. The chapters of the widowed Churches were called upon to transfer their jurisdiction to the Imperial nominees, who would henceforth govern their dioceses as vicars capitular. It is said that Cardinal Maury, whom the civil power had translated from his see at Montefiascone to that of Paris, made it a boast that he had suggested to the Government this method of extricating itself from its difficulties.

Many chapters yielded to the pressure put upon them, and transferred their capitular powers to the bishops-designate. Pius the Seventh, having been informed of this gross breach of canonical discipline, despatched three Briefs towards the close of 1810, one to Cardinal Maury, another to D'Osmond, Bishop of Nancy, whom the Emperor had named to the metropolitan see of Florence, and a third to M. d'Astros, the legitimate Vicar Capitular of Paris. His protestations against the intrusion of the Imperial nominees, coloured though it was by the semblance of an election, served to warn the faithful of the nullity of the jurisdiction claimed by the self-styled capitular vicars, and to embolden the chapters to withstand the pressure put upon them.

³ *Regule Juris*, in Vt., Reg. 1.

⁴ C. *Avaritia*.

Napoleon, on being thus thwarted, did what he could, what has been done by others, who in the intoxication of brilliant success have dared to raise sacrilegious hands against the liberties of the Church, and to claim a share in the royalty of Jesus Christ over the hearts and consciences of believers. His State prisons were filled with eminent, dignified, and conscientious churchmen, with a view to the *encouragement* of those he left unmolested for the present. Yet must we reluctantly confess that his failure was not complete, as appears from the address presented to Napoleon by the Metropolitan Chapter of Paris, January 6, 1811. Cardinal Maury had availed himself of the anxious forebodings of this venerable body to foist upon them an address teeming with unfounded allegations of historical and canonical precedents, with a view to bolster up his own position, and to give a varnish of legality to the encroachments of the civil power, which had made him its tool and accomplice, and calculated by its tone to convey the impression that the chapter sided with the Emperor in his controversy with the Holy Father as to the institution of the new bishops. This address, which the recreant dignitary had penned beforehand under the inspiration of Napoleon, was copied into all the newspapers, and scattered broadcast over the Empire; it became, so to speak, the seed-corn of a crop of similar documents, even more strongly pronounced, emanating from several bishops and chapters on either side of the Alps, yet with this difference, that while little trouble was taken to elicit these Gallican manifestations from French prelates or capitular bodies, the bishops and chapters of Italy were, to say the least, *encouraged* to emulate the Parisian model, and gratified with the insertion of their addresses in the columns of the official journal, heretofore sacred but to the bulletins of the Imperial armies, whereas the dithyrambic optimism of their French colleagues was quietly shelved in the Ministerial archives. There was, however, in these productions, which thus attained the honours of official recognition, a certain sameness in the expression of exuberant loyalty, of undying attachment to persons and policy, of readiness to accept the leading of the State in its headlong course towards its goal, which suggested to the unbiassed reader the suspicion that they all came from one pen. As was afterwards discovered, the Abate Forloni was employed by the Government agents to draw up most of these precious documents, which

were then sent ready made to such of the bishops of Italy as were likely to make use of them. Their appearance in the official journal was intended by the Emperor as a warning to the captive of Savona, who, deprived of pens, ink, and paper, nay, even of his Breviary, was graciously permitted to wile away his leisure hours by walking in the small garden of the episcopal palace, and by reading the *Moniteur*, which his gaoler took care should never fail him. In the pages of this, not always veracious journal, the Pope could read the cheering intelligence that, with the significant exception of five, all the cathedral chapters which the Imperial Government had left in the Italian dominions had sent in their adhesion to the address of the canons of Paris, and that, too, in terms none the more equivocal for having been occasionally manipulated before their transmission by the agents of the local administration.

The immediate effect of this grovelling adulation in the mind of its object was to diminish the respect he had hitherto professed for the Catholic clergy, and to confirm him in the delusion that he might expect from them the same easy compliance with his every whim, as that he looked for from the several functionaries of his Empire. Nor can we wholly blame him. The secret of the Church's power is its moral influence, and when its ministers fall so far short of masculine vigour, of the due sense of what the dignity of God's Kingdom committed to their keeping, requires at their hands, it is fated—and who may say unjustly—that they rarely meet with gratitude from the power, or the cause, for whom they have basely betrayed their sacred trust.

But what is far worse, the Emperor began seriously to entertain the idea of settling the vexed question as to the canonical institution of bishops, with the sole concurrence of the legislative chambers. The submissive attitude so lately assumed by an important section of the clergy led him to expect that they would oppose no obstacle to his projects. He summoned then a commission mainly composed of those members of his councils who were the most inimical to the Holy See. Their practical sense enabled them to open the eyes of the monarch to the dangers, that the course of schism, and the consequent persecution he contemplated entering upon, were fraught with to the public weal, to the integrity and stability of the Empire. Yielding to the representations of the quondam member of the Convention, Cambacérès, he turned once more to the ecclesias-

tical committee he had summoned, in 1809, to deliberate on the affairs of the French Church. The committee met on January 18; besides Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, the Archbishop of Tours, De Barral, Duvoisin, Bishop of Nantes, the Bishops of Treves and Evreux, there appeared De Pradt, translated to Mechlin, in the place of the Bishop of Vercelli, deceased; Cardinal Caselli, who was substituted for Father Fontana, the General of the Barnabites, who had been sent to Vincennes, and the Abbé Émery, Superior-General of the Congregation of St. Sulpice, who, though the least in dignity, raised himself far above his titled colleagues in the esteem and respect of the Emperor by his priestly courage, and the frank precision of his views, as on the previous occasion, was a member of the committee.

The questions submitted to the committee were the two following—(1) Who was empowered to grant dispensations now that all communication between the Pope and the subjects of the Empire was suspended? (2) As the Pope persists in withholding the Bulls from the bishops designated by the Emperor to the vacant sees, what other canonical means is there of instituting them? The instructions which accompanied these questions showed plainly that Napoleon's mind was already made up, and that in consulting the committee his sole purpose was to compel them by a more or less gentle pressure to give a sort of spiritual sanction to his fixed designs.

The foregoing questions had already been submitted to their consideration, in 1809, but their definite and satisfactory solution had been eluded by honied words of adulation and meaningless, because vague counsels. But during the previous year the gravity of the situation had increased, and the perplexity of the Emperor had kept pace with it. The attitude of the monarch precluded the committee from all shelter in a Fabian policy of evasion and delay, and compelled from them a plain and categorical statement of their views. With the exception of a preamble expressive of their deep and reverential sympathy for the Pope, the omission of which would have exposed any ecclesiastical assembly to universal contempt, this statement conceded all, or nearly all, Napoleon desired. Under the circumstances, the bishops were to take upon themselves to grant the Papal dispensations; and as for canonical institution, an additional clause appended to the Concordat might

provide that in cases where institution was withheld without the Pope alleging any canonical reason, it should devolve within a certain interval on the synod of the province. Recourse must however be had to the Pope to legalize so vital a change of ecclesiastical discipline. Failing his sanction, a National Council must be convoked, in order to supply a canonical substitute for the Papal provisions.

The modest but courageous boldness of the good M. Émery, whose life shone forth in darksome and evil days with the two-fold lustre of sanctity and sacerdotal science, had by a few well chosen words opened the eyes of the monarch to the pitfall which lurked under the few concluding words of the report of the ecclesiastical committee. He plainly saw that he could not advance a step save in the direction of schism, without coming to terms with the captive Pontiff. Galling as it was to his pride to be brought to this pass, Napoleon was determined to diminish to the utmost the risk of a rebuff, by terrifying Pius the Seventh into compliance with his demands. To this end, a circular was, by his orders, addressed to the several prelates of the Empire and Kingdom of Italy he deemed fit to summon to the intended Council. To his mind, the sheer possibility of an assembly comprising so large a portion of the Catholic Episcopate, taking upon itself to enact, independently of the Apostolic See, measures affecting the dogmatic teaching or general discipline of the Church Catholic, would induce Pius the Seventh to think twice ere he persevered in his stubborn, though passive attitude. He took good care to impress his captive with the conviction that the future Council, being wholly under his control, would not fail to lend its sanction to the views taken by the ecclesiastical committee of the institution of bishops, and perhaps even carry its complaisance so far as not to stick at declaring the vacancy of the Roman See.

De Barral of Tours, Duvoisin of Nantes, Mannay of Treves, who were allowed to join the Bishop of Faenza to their number, ere starting for Savona, ostensibly in the name of the prelates then present in Paris, were well plied with the foregoing points of meditation, which they were charged to force upon the Pope's most serious attention.

The limits to which we are of necessity restricted do not allow more than a passing notice of the negotiations at Savona. Suffice it to say that, isolated from his counsellors, tortured

by the perplexities of a delicate conscience which realized most keenly the grave responsibilities involved in whatever action he might choose to take, goaded to the very verge of insanity by the ceaseless importunities of the deputation, who, as it appears from original documents recently brought to the light of day, were, without their knowledge it must be said, effectually helped in bringing about this deplorable result by the nameless manipulations of the Pope's own physician, Pius the Seventh took the first step in that downward path of concession which, as is well known, was almost to imperil, a few years later, his reason and his life.

The sum and substance of this act of weakness, which Pius the Seventh himself since judged far too harshly, was to allow the deputies to pen a note in his presence, wherein, amongst other more justifiable concessions, he consented that a clause should be appended to the Concordat, allowing the canonical institution of bishops-designate to devolve upon their respective metropolitans whenever the Papal provisions were withheld for more than six months for causes other than the personal unworthiness of the presentee. As far as it went, this clause was a return to the ancient discipline, which, amongst other prerogatives, empowered the metropolitan to confirm in the name of his com-provincials, the elections to the sees vacant within his province.

It would lead us too far to enter into the detail of the several circumstances which led up to the resumption by the Apostolic See—the fountain head, as the erudite Thomassin expresses it—of all patriarchal, primatial, and metropolitan pre-eminence, of a prerogative of its divinely bestowed primacy, which it formerly shared with metropolitans. The satisfactory treatment of this point would involve a lengthy dissertation on the rise, development, and subsequent decadence of metropolitan power, and land us at an immense distance from the pseudo-Council of Paris. We need only state that the Rules ii. and iii. of the Apostolic Chancery, reserving to the Roman See, where the dispositions of the several Concordats do not interfere, the provision *jure pleno* of all Cathedral Churches, has been sanctioned by the uninterrupted and uniform practice of ages, and expressly ratified by the holy Council of Trent, which accounts among the primary duties attaching to the charge of Christ's flock committed to the Supreme Pastor, that of setting good and useful bishops over the several Churches.

But to return to Pius the Seventh. The deputation having thus succeeded far beyond what it had dared to hope, set out for Paris with the least possible delay, leaving the Pope a prey to a remorse which even his prompt disavowal of his concession could not assuage, and the victim of an access of melancholy under which his reason partially gave way for a time. Under these circumstances Napoleon deemed it the safer course not to avail himself of an informal concession, already withdrawn by its author, the publication of which might, along with other inconveniences, become the means of unveiling to the public gaze the deplorable condition to which his violence had reduced his august captive.

Unable to extricate himself from the web his own hands had woven, a passing indecision made him adjourn the opening of the Council to the 17th instead of the 9th of June, the date fixed upon in the Imperial circular of indiction. But an adjournment, while witnessing to the perplexity of the monarch, afforded no solution to the difficulties he had accumulated in his path. He resolved then to give Europe a spectacle it had not beheld since the Council of Trent, and while impressing the lively imagination of his people, to awe and to cow the assembled prelates of his Empire into compliance with his sinister designs.

The history of the Council will enable us to judge how far he succeeded, or rather, what were the causes and the extent of his failure.

On the morning of June 17, at the early hour of eight, ninety-five prelates, vested in mitre and cope, went in procession from the now demolished archiepiscopal palace, to the adjacent metropolitan church of Notre Dame. Among them were six Cardinals, nine Archbishops, and eighty Bishops, not counting nine Bishops-designate, who had not yet received their Bulls from the Pope. Of the French bishops there were but three absent; of the one hundred and fifty-two of that part of Italy which constituted Napoleon's Italian kingdom, forty-two only were present, the others were either not invited, or forbidden to come, while not a few of them were in prison, or in exile. When to this we add that nearly one half the bishops of the French Empire were absent, it is plain that this assembly could not claim the title of national. It was not even a Council in the canonical sense of the term, for to quote no other authority than that of the Constantinopolitan lawyer, Socrates, whose history

dates from the fourth century, it was a trite maxim of ecclesiastical law, that the Churches could not enact canons without the consent of the Bishop of the elder Rome.⁵ Councils of whatever degree may claim no jurisdiction, unless assembled with the previous consent, or at least, tacit approval of the Sovereign Pontiff, a consent, which must, in the case of Œcumenical or Plenary Councils be personal, and which is legal as regards provincial and diocesan synods, in that the Sacred Canons provide for their periodical celebration. Another no less essential prerequisite for a meeting of ecclesiastics to be deemed a Council is, that as far as possible, all who may claim to form part of it be canonically invited, and be not excluded by violence or menace. Thus the assembly of 1811 was no more a Council than the robber-synod of Ephesus, and its canons or decrees (we shall see further on it was dissolved before enacting any) would have about the same authority in ecclesiastical courts. Still, though it needs no Harduin to write its history, it marks an important epoch in the trials the Church had to endure in the early years of this century.

The opening, or what in the case of a Council, is the first session, had been preceded by several informal meetings of the bishops at the hotel of Cardinal Fesch, to discuss questions of precedence, ceremonial, and as to the presidency of the so-called Council, as also to prepare the matters of debate. The temporary presidency of the assembly was conferred by acclamation on the Cardinal, both on account of his indisputable zeal for religion, and of the advantages to be derived from his close relationship with the Emperor. To the amazement of all, Fesch protested against this election, claiming the presidency as a prerogative due to the see of Lyons, of which he was the occupant, as being the primatial and most ancient of the French Churches. It was useless to remind him that the Churches of France owed their origin to the late Concordat, and hence, were all of the same antiquity, or to demand his acceptance of the honour, as member of the Sacred College, he kept to his point in spite of argument, nor could he be moved by a very appropriate observation of the Archbishop of Turin, who bade him remember that many of his Italian colleagues there present, were pastors of Churches more ancient even than that of Lyons. He persisted in his claim, and the bishops wearied by a three hours' debate, and conscious that unless they were beforehand

⁵ Socrates, l. 2. c. 8.

with the Emperor, he would give them a president of his own appointment, cared not to rescind their vote.

But to return to Notre Dame. The prelates, preceded by the students of the Seminary and the Metropolitan Chapter, took their seats in the stalls of the choir of the ancient Basilica ; before their arrival the nave was filled with a crowd of officials, high functionaries, and others. The Solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated pontifically by Cardinal Fesch, in his quality of President. After the Gospel, the Bishop of Troyes, De Boulogne, who was accounted the first pulpit orator of the day, and who had been often invited to preach in the Imperial chapel, ascended the pulpit. The manuscript of his sermon had been submitted to the Emperor by the Cardinal President. Though by no means indifferent as to what fell from the pulpit, Napoleon returned the manuscript unread, contenting himself with asking if his uncle could vouch for the discourse. The latter replied that he had already prevailed on the preacher to modify a few passages which might reflect on the untoward relations of the Government with the Holy See. The Emperor, confiding in the well known good dispositions of the Bishop of Troyes, was satisfied with this assurance, and flattered himself that the official journal of the day next after the opening session would contain nothing objectionable.

The gifted orator, inspired by the solemnity and the weighty responsibilities of the occasion, and anxious to respond to the public expectation, and to protest in the name of the Church against the insolent contempt with which her claims had been spoken of only the day before in the speech from the throne, forgot his promises to the Cardinal uncle, and carried far beyond himself by his emotions, concluded his discourse with the following courageous protestation.

Whatever the issue of your deliberations, whatever the course the interests of our Churches may prompt us to take, we will never forsake those unchangeable maxims which bind us to unity, to that corner-stone, that key-stone, without which the whole edifice must totter to its fall. We will never loosen that first link, without which all the others must needs slacken, and leave nought but confusion, anarchy, and ruin. Never can we lose sight of the respect and love which we owe to that Church of Rome, which has begotten us in Jesus Christ, and fed us with the milk of doctrine ; to that august Chair, called by the Fathers the citadel of truth ; to that Supreme Chief of the Episcopate, apart from whom it would destroy itself, or at best, wither like a branch sundered from the

trunk, or be tossed to and fro like a ship without helm or pilot. Whatever, then, the vicissitudes of the Chair of Peter, whatever the state and condition of his august Successor, we will ever cleave to him with respect and filial reverence. This See may be displaced, destroyed it can never be. It may be despoiled of its splendour, but its strength can never be taken away. Wherever it may be found, thither will every Catholic follow it, there will all other sees unite, for it is the root and trunk of Apostolic succession, the centre of jurisdiction, the sacred store-house of Apostolic tradition.

Such are our invariable sentiments, which we profess to-day before the whole world, before our Churches, whose yearnings we bear with us, and to whose faith we are to witness, before these holy altars, in the midst of this Basilica, where our fathers have met ere this to restore the peace of the Church, and by their wise counsels to put an end to troubles and divisions, which, alas! had too close a resemblance to those which now claim our attention. It seems that I now hear them, that I behold their venerable shades appear in our midst, as if to warn us to do, to say, nothing that might be unworthy of them, unbecoming ourselves, nor to deviate from that beaten track marked out to us by our predecessors.

This profession of faith, uttered in an unflinching tone, produced in the audience an emotion we cannot pretend to describe. No less affecting were the giving of the kiss of peace, and the general Communion. The Bishop of Nantes, who with those of Quimper, Albenga, and Brescia, had been appointed provisional Secretary, read from the pulpit the decree declaring that the Council was opened, and the regulations which were to guide its discussions. After this formality, he went, in conformity with the ceremonial, to ask each of the prelates his *placet*, or vote, for the opening of the Council. When it was the turn of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who until the Concordat had held the see of Vienne, he replied with a loud voice—"Yes, saving the obedience I owe to the Sovereign Pontiff, obedience to which I now pledge myself, and which I swear." Though but an individual pronouncement, it did not fail to excite a certain emotion in the assembly. But soon the eyes of all were turned to the President, who, accompanied by his attendant deacons, went to a throne prepared for him on a raised platform in the middle of the choir. Kneeling down, and with his hands on the open book of the holy Gospels, the Cardinal read aloud the profession of faith known as the Creed of Pius the Fourth, in which the following passage occurs: "I believe in the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, which I acknowledge as the mother and mistress of all the Churches, and to the Roman Pontiff, the Successor of Blessed Peter, the Prince

of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ, I vow and swear faithful obedience." Having thus irrevocably bound himself to fealty to Pius the Seventh by a public and deliberate act, the several prelates there assembled were summoned one by one to repeat the same formula, nor did the Cardinal hesitate to make such as were indistinct in their utterance repeat the words they had slurred over. The next session, which was fated never to take place, was then appointed to be held on the approaching festival of the Holy Apostles, June 29, and the first General Congregation was summoned for the following day, June 18.

It need not be said that the events of this memorable day took Napoleon by surprise. Beside wounding his pride, they baffled all his plans. What if the Pope should come to hear of this? It would no longer avail incessantly to din into his ears the readiness of the French clergy to side with the civil power, and even to break from the communion of the Holy See; and his resistance to the Emperor's proposals could not but be strengthened by the protestations of inviolable fealty uttered even by the prelates on whom Napoleon placed the greatest dependence. With a view to hush up matters, the *Moniteur* and other papers were ordered to omit all mention of the opening sermon and the profession of faith from the report of the first session of a Council convoked for the sole purpose of depriving the Holy See of its most important prerogative. He summoned Cardinal Fesch to St. Cloud, and expressed his displeasure in terms which, if not elegant, were plain and unmistakeable. Seeing that he could not trust his uncle to lead the Council in accordance with his own designs, he determined to keep strict watch over its proceedings, and avenge his disappointment.

The first General Congregation was adjourned to June 20, in order to give the Emperor time to mature his plans for keeping the direction of the Council in the hands of his own trusty agents, his good sense preventing him from playing the part of Constantius, and making himself ridiculous by putting in a personal appearance. The prelates had hardly assembled, when, to their surprise, they beheld the Ministers of Public Worship both of France and Italy enter into the place of meeting in official costume. Scarce had they taken their seats on either side of the President, when Count Bigot, the Minister for France, read a decree of the Emperor,

confirming the election of Cardinal Fesch to the presidency, and providing for the establishment of a committee of five, which was to undertake the *police (sic)* of the assembly, of which his two Ministers were to form part. This latter item, and the distasteful word *police*, added another emotion to the surprise excited by the unexpected intrusion of the representatives of the civil power. A sort of precedent might, it is true, be alleged in favour of this latter article, as in the early Councils, the Emperors were wont to depute certain officials charged with the maintenance of order and of the freedom of debate; but for many centuries this task had devolved on those who presided at these august assemblies, and this revival of a bygone usage was justly taken to indicate the Emperor's determination to deal with the discussions and decisions of the Council, as he had succeeded in doing with the secular legislature. On the motion of De Barral of Tours the offensive word was dropped, and it was unanimously resolved that a committee of *internal administration* should be formed. The official documents of the period, however, show that neither the Emperor nor his Government adopted this modification. The Cardinal President then proposed that the bishops he had provisionally appointed to this charge should continue in office, but De Broglie of Ghent insisted, with the all but unanimous agreement of the assembly, that the members of the intended committee should be elected by the Council. The secretaries and promoters were next elected by ballot, in conformity with canonical precedent, despite the opposition of certain Court partisans. By the time these discussions and balloting were over, four o'clock had struck, and Bigot arose to read his master's message. It opened with a long list of the grievances he had endured at the hands of the Pope, and was sparing neither of invective or of odious insinuations. Certain panegyrists of Napoleon, certain writers of ecclesiastical history even, reluctant to allow that the great man could have so far forgotten what was due to policy and propriety as to heap unmeasured denunciation on the Sovereign Pontiff before an assembly of the prelates of his communion, have sought to father this precious State paper upon Count Bigot, but the editors of the Imperial correspondence have taken away every excuse for an honest doubt as to its real authorship, by inserting it *in extenso* in their official collection. This bill of indictment was followed by a peremptory intimation of the Imperial will,

as a scarcely covert warning to the bishops to beware of adopting another rule in the decisions they might be called upon to affirm. The effect of this message was to inspire the bulk of the assembly with grief and consternation, and rudely to dispel the pleasant delusion under which so many had hastened to Paris, fondly fancying that the negotiations at Savona had all but reconciled the conflicting claims of Church and State, and that at all events, they would be asked to concede nothing that was contrary to their dignity and to the interests of religion.

At the sight of the untoward effect produced by the Imperial mandate, the Cardinal President would have adjourned forthwith, were it not that the instructions given him by his nephew compelled him to set several important commissions at work. He had flattered himself that he would be allowed to select their respective members, but the assembly insisted on its unquestionable right of election by secret voting. Despite the opposition of three or four bishops, who were at the beck and call of Napoleon, it refused to forego the sole means which, in the absence of a vigorous protest, remained for it to assert its independence.

As might be expected from persons so unaccustomed to the proceedings of deliberative assemblies, a great deal of time was wasted in these preliminaries, but at length the Council appointed a certain number of commissions with a view to the preparation of matters to be debated in the General Congregations, to draw up the address in reply to the Imperial message, and to frame regulations for the ceremonial and the order of the discussions. This last-named Commission was, so to speak, strangled at its birth, it never was allowed to present its report, as the Council was soon forbidden to hold sessions, save to discuss the points submitted to it by the Court, so that the regulations which logically ought to have preceded the deliberations and would have been of no slight service to prevent confusion and waste of time, were still wanting when the Council was abruptly dissolved!

In the Second General Congregation (June 21), Dalberg, the Prince-Primate of Germany, with his suffragan, or coadjutor, were admitted with the right of suffrage. In the next, held June 25, a Commission of eleven prelates was elected to draw up a report on the main question the Council had been convoked to settle, viz., that of the canonical institution

of bishops. This was followed by a discussion as to the right of the bishops-designate to take part in the debates, and to vote with the others. The Government, which affected to treat them as bishops, was favourable to their claim, but feeling that the decision of the Council would be adverse, they were easily persuaded to forego spontaneously a right which was warmly disputed, and thus the matter dropped.

Meanwhile the Commission for the address in reply to the message had begun its labours, in the residence of Cardinal Fesch. At its first meeting Duvoisin of Nantes read the plan of an address he had drawn up beforehand. Besides the wonted protestations of devoted loyalty, which, it must be remembered, was really felt by the immense majority of the Council, this address, to the painful astonishment of his colleagues, pledged them to an unreserved adhesion to the maxims of Church Government, by which the State sought to justify its encroachments, and dealt in a most reprehensible manner with the Bull of Excommunication fulminated by Pius the Seventh against the plunderers of the Roman Church. In reply to the objections that assailed him on all sides, the Bishop of Nantes made answer that he had submitted his work to the Emperor, and obtained his approval. This avowal drew upon the unlucky prelate the reproaches of the Commission, who felt that both they and the Council itself were placed in a false position by the blameworthy and indiscreet officiousness of the courtier-bishop. These acrimonious discussions were transferred to a larger stage, on June 27, the day of the re-assembling of the General Congregation, which had adjourned to await the Report of the Commission on the address. At the opening of the session the President read a missive from the Grand Master of Ceremonies, giving notice that the Emperor would receive the Council on the following Sunday, June 30, and further, that the projected address was to be submitted beforehand to his Majesty. Duvoisin was called upon to read an amended edition of the speech he had composed under Imperial inspiration. Toned down, and shorn as it was of its more objectionable passages, it was fated to excite general indignation. An ominous silence prevailed for awhile, when all of a sudden the suffragan of Munster, Droste-Vischering, the future confessor of the faith, moved that the Council do, before aught else, insert in its address a petition for the release of the Pope. He was

seconded by the Bishop of Chambéry, who in fervid accents reminded his colleagues that they owed it to themselves, to their flocks, to God's holy Churches throughout the world, to implore the Emperor to grant this most indispensable deliverance. The Assembly caught the contagion of his noble emotion, but De Pradt, the nominee to the see of Mechlin, objected that it did not befit a Council to prostrate itself at the feet of a prince, only to draw upon himself a crushing retort from the proposer of the motion. D'Avian of Bordeaux, the Archbishop of Turin, and the Bishop of Soissons supported the proposal. The enthusiasm was at its height when at length Cardinal Fesch, fearing the reception the Council was certain to meet with if it went on such an errand to the Tuileries, and anxious to save his credit with his nephew, who had strictly forbidden that the Council should initiate any address to himself on its own motion, reminded them that they would have other opportunities of presenting a petition so conformable to the heartfelt desires of all there present, but that the proposed step, under actual circumstances, could have no other result but to irritate the monarch. Were it not better to deal with the deplorable condition of the Holy Father when they came to discuss the canonical institution of bishops? The courteous and sincere tone in which these observations were made convinced many, and at any rate served as a warning to others. The enthusiasm cooled down; but on the motion of Cardinal Caselli, it was unanimously agreed that the assent of the Council to the proposal of the Bishop of Chambéry should be entered on the minutes of the Congregation.

As the debate proceeded the Italian prelates raised several objections to the projected address of the Bishop of Nantes, and on the motion of D'Osmond, the nominee to the see of Florence, the preamble to the famous Gallican declaration of 1682, containing the most explicit affirmation of the rights and prerogatives of the Apostolic See, was inserted in the address. Duvoisin came at length to the paragraph asserting the nullity of censures fulminated for merely temporal causes, with unmistakeable reference to the recent Bull of Excommunication. The immense majority of his audience gave vent to their indignant amazement. In vain did Cardinal Maury strive to elude the plain words of the Council of Trent⁶ by cobweb distinctions, his failure in presence of the mute

⁶ Sess. xxii., cap xi., *De Reformat.*

indignation of his colleagues was only equalled by that of Duvoisin in his attempts to foist upon the Council a construction of the Tridentine decree, which the majority refused to admit. The Bishop of Citta della Pieve, the only prelate of the Roman States who had been summoned to this so-called National Council, began to defend the views of the Court partisan, only to elicit the observation that he was in flagrant contradiction with his own published works. The debate was waxing hot, and tending to disorder, when it received at length its *quietus* from Cardinal Spina, who warned his colleagues, that in order not to stir up disastrous agitation, they had better omit all mention of the excommunication in their address. It was resolved then to strike out every allusion to this volcanic topic, and the debate was adjourned to the morrow, June 27.

The proceedings of the Fifth General Congregation opened with a detailed protest presented by Nava, Bishop of Brescia, and almoner of the Emperor for his kingdom of Italy, in the name of the Italian prelates. They objected to the principles of the famous Assembly of 1682, and still more to the consequences the Emperor's mouthpiece in the Council had drawn therefrom. They complained of the irregularity of introducing into the address propositions which had not been submitted to the scrutiny of the several sections of the Assembly, and finally demanded that the address should contain but protestations of loyalty and personal devotedness. No sooner had Cardinal Spina finished reading the French version of this protest, than cheers arose on all sides, to the indignation of Cardinal Maury, who had never thought to hear an assembly of French bishops applaud doctrines which were wholly at variance with his favourite Gallican theses. In the course of the discussion, the decrees of Trent were put in contrast with the Articles of 1682, which occasioned a renewal of the stormy scene of the previous day. Maury, anxious to make up for his discomfiture of yesterday, boldly asserted that Pius the Seventh had exceeded his powers in fulminating the Bull of Excommunication. D'Avian of Bordeaux came at once to the front, exclaiming, "Have you not read the Council of Trent, Sess. xxii. c. xi. ? Is it not sufficiently clear and formal ?" Maury pleaded in reply that the chapter could apply only to cases where the crime is notorious and beyond question. "But who is to settle that point ?" urged D'Avian. "Public opinion,"

was the reply. At this the venerable prelate, opening the copy of the holy Council at the place indicated above, exclaimed with an indignant gesture, "Judge the Pope, if you dare; condemn the Church if you can!" His noble emotion communicated itself to the Council, and the effect it produced was prodigious. "This scene," says De Pradt, an eye-witness, "will never fade from my memory." The Bishop of Soissons, though a quondam intruded bishop, who had distinguished himself throughout these proceedings by his courageous loyalty to the Holy See, moved the adoption of the address already proposed by the Bishop of Brescia, with every chance of success, when Duvoisin reminded the Assembly that the Emperor had seen the address and forbade it to be altered. The prelates felt indignant at this slavish speech, but their indignation emboldened them only to modify and tone down certain clauses. On the motion of De Broglie, Bishop of Ghent, it was to be signed only by the president and secretaries, it was at length adopted (it were, perhaps, more correct to say that it was not rejected) by show of hands (instead of by secret ballot), a style of voting heretofore unheard of in ecclesiastical proceedings.

Meanwhile, Napoleon, who was kept informed of everything that went on in the Council, was enraged at this show of independence. On Saturday, June 29, he wrote to Bigot, telling him that without his express permission no General Congregation was to meet, or any other matter to be debated save that for which he had summoned the bishops, viz., the manner of instituting bishops, now that he had abolished the Concordat. As for the address, he would have none of it, and the presentation of the Council at Court on the morrow was countermanded.

The Council, thus adjourned, held no more General Congregations. The ten prelates who had been deputed, on June 25, to draw up the address in reply to the Imperial message, met daily at the hotel of Cardinal Fesch, Rue Mont Blanc. After a few meetings, in which nothing was determined upon, on Monday, July 1, the Bishop of Nantes read the note which the Pope was said to have approved at Savona, to which he had briefly alluded in the private meetings held at the Cardinal's, before the opening of the Council. It was deemed strange that it should have been kept in the background but as it was wanting in every token of authenticity, scarce any notice was taken of it. On July 3, the question of the

competency of the Council to provide a substitute for Papal provisions, had to be seriously considered. Duvoisin of Nantes asked whether in urgent cases they might not be dispensed with. The Commission, however, refused to discuss the question in this shape, but confined itself to the consideration of the competency of the Council under present circumstances. The majority voted for the negative. On July 5, the Congregation declared that before deciding the questions submitted to it, the Sacred Canons required that a deputation should be sent to the Pope, and confer with him about the means to remedy the untoward state of the Churches. Fesch, who presented this motion to his nephew, found him extremely irritated. The Court prelates assured their colleagues that the only way to avoid schism was to adopt a decree consisting of the following articles—(1) No bishopric may remain vacant beyond a year. (2) Within six months after the Emperor's nomination, the Pope shall give canonical institution. (3) Failing which, the Metropolitan, in virtue of the Pope's concession, will be empowered to institute and consecrate. (4) This decree shall be submitted to the approval of the Emperor. (5) He is to be implored to allow the Council to depute a certain number of bishops to go to the Holy Father and thank him for having by these concessions put an end to the evils under which the Church was suffering. The prelates in the Court interest represented these articles as emanating from the condescension of the Emperor, and boasted that they had spared no efforts to induce him to grant such favourable terms. The mention of the Papal concession at Savona caused the eight prelates forming the majority of the Commission, momentarily to disavow the opinion they had firmly and solidly maintained as to the utter incompetency of that, or any other National Council, to legislate on so vital a point of general discipline, as a change in the mode of the canonical institution of bishops. But after a brief reflection they felt that they had been duped and misled, for either the Savona text was genuine, and in that case needed not to be ratified by the Council, or if it were not, the Council most assuredly could not take it for granted that the Pope would make such concessions, or compel him thereto by anticipating his actions. This brief summary of the labours of this Commission will serve to show that, to use the words of De Broglie⁷ of Ghent, one of its members, "it had

⁷ *Journal du Concile Nationale des Eglises de France et d'Italie.*

deserved well of religion and of the Church," by its steadfast maintainance of sound principles, of the general discipline and the prerogatives of the Papal primacy.

In the General Congregation of July 10, the Commission presented its report, the drawing up of which had been intrusted to Hirn of Tournai, and De Boulogne of Troyes. After much time had been frittered away in bootless discussions, Hirn read his report, of which an Italian version was read for the prelates from beyond the Alps. The substance of it was that the Commission having had to deal with the question as to the competency of the Council to decree aught concerning the canonical institution of bishops apart from the previous intervention of the Pope had by a majority of votes affirmed the entire and absolute incompetency of the Council, even in a case of extreme urgency.

Ere the sense of the Assembly was taken on this report, the Cardinal President adjourned the meeting till July 12. De Broglie in his *Journal of the Council*, which he wrote at the end of each sitting, informs us, that fearing lest the General Congregation, yielding to the threats of the Emperor, and to the artifices of his agents, might fail to maintain by its vote the position taken by the majority of the Commission, these latter had prepared a formal protest against the competency of the Council to deal with the institution of bishops, which was to be laid on the table. But the very next morning they received news of the dissolution of the Council, and De Broglie, with Hirn and De Boulogne, were arrested at three a.m. on the 12th, and lodged in Vincennes. D'Avian would have shared their lot, but that no police agent could be found to execute the warrant, and the Prefect of Police, Duke de Rovigo, had warned Napoleon that such a step would excite universal indignation.

Thus ended the pseudo-Council of Paris, for the meeting of August 5, on account of the pressure which had been put on the majority, and the utter neglect of all conciliar formalities, can in no wise be called a Council. Despite many sad evidences of human frailty, the majority of the prelates who met at Paris had vindicated their dignity, and given proof of their courage in resisting the despotic mandates which sought to drive them into courses tending to schism, their unanimity and resolution had proved too much for the terrors and wiles of Buonaparte's statecraft, and turned into joy and consolation the fears with

which the friends of the Church had at first regarded an assembly convoked under such untoward auspices.

A certain number of bishops had left Paris directly after the abrupt dissolution of the Council. Having heard from De Chabrol, the gaoler of the Pope, that the latter seemed disposed to adhere to the concessions contained in the oft-mentioned Savona note, Napoleon resolved not to accept his defeat. The bishops who had hastened to return to their dioceses were those who had been the most earnest in opposing his plans, so he cared not to detain them; as for the others, he commanded Bigot to keep them in Paris, and confer with each one privately in his office. Should he succeed in persuading the greater number, Napoleon would then re-assemble the Council. The Minister, who had been present at the General Congregations, began with those whom he had known to be most ready to yield to the Imperial demands. It was precisely those whom the recent arrest of their colleagues had struck with the greatest terror. He was helped in this congenial task by other members of the Cabinet, and last, though not least, by the formidable minister of the police. Insinuation, promises, and above all threats were brought into play to extort signatures, and thus, in a fortnight's time, all save fourteen had given in their adhesion; the one who held out the longest was, *mirabili dictu*, Cardinal Fesch.

The Council, as it was called, was therefore summoned to meet in General Congregation on August 5. The Savona note was read by De Barral of Tours, and was thus for the first time textually communicated to the assembled prelates. Cardinal Maury strove to stop all discussion by the observation that the resolutions to be moved had already been approved of by the majority. The following propositions were then put to the vote, one after the other—(1) The National Council is competent to legislate on the institution of bishops, in case of necessity; (2) such necessity will present itself, should the Pope refuse to ratify the decree of this Council on this point. D'Avian, faithful to the last, made his protest, and was followed by some few of his colleagues, but the first proposition was expeditiously carried by a proceeding analogous to our show of hands; the second by silence, which gave consent.

The decrees above mentioned were as follows : (1) In conformity with the spirit of the Sacred Canons, no see can be vacant for more than a year, within which interval, nomination, institution, and consecration shall take place. (2) The Emperor shall be petitioned to designate the occupants of the vacant sees, as the Concordats provide; the bishops-designate shall sue canonical institution from the Holy Father. (3) Within six months after notice given to the Pope of such nomination, His Holiness shall institute according to the Concordats. (4) At the expiration of this term, if institution be not granted, it shall devolve on the metropolitan of the province; or, failing him, on the senior suffragan, to institute the bishop-designate, and in the case of the metropolitan see, the senior suffragan shall exercise the same prerogative. (5) This decree shall be submitted to the Holy Father's approval, and the Emperor shall be petitioned graciously to allow a deputation of six bishops to go to His Holiness to crave his sanction to the present decree.

Of the ninety present, thirteen only were heard to protest. Heretofore, in order to maintain an appearance of freedom, the votes had been taken by ballot; but on this last shameful occasion the prelates had not the courage to claim a formality so essential to the freedom of suffrage. The meeting broke up forthwith, and it was indeed high time.

Such was the sad and disgraceful *finale* of an assembly which had shown promise of far better things at the outset. Failing deep convictions, the *esprit de corps*, at least, had sustained its members in their conflict with the whims of a violent and crafty despot, as long as they could meet and deliberate in common, but they yielded from the moment he bethought himself of intimidating and duping them singly.

J. M'S.

Chronicles of Catholic Missions.

II.—THE FIRST APOSTLE OF THE IROQUOIS.

ONE of the most remarkable chapters in the missionary annals of the Church is that which tells of the Jesuit missions among the red men of North America. Nowhere shall we find more strikingly displayed the spirit which always and everywhere has animated the disciples of the Good Shepherd when striving to gather into His fold the truants of the flock, which spirit is brought into clear relief by the toil of the life which in this case they had to lead, and the peculiar horrors of the death for which they had always to be prepared. Beyond this, there is a peculiar romance and air of adventure attending the history of these first pioneers, as of Christianity so of civilization, in the primeval forests and unbounded prairies. It was Jesuits who took possession of and marked with the Cross the sites of half the towns that we see to-day, Jesuits who caught the first glimpse of Lake Superior, a Jesuit¹ who first floated down the Mississippi; in fact, says Bancroft,² with an exaggeration that may be pardoned, "not a cape was turned nor a river entered but a Jesuit led the way."

We shall find this chapter of missionary labour illustrated in all its details in the person of Father Isaac Jogues—to whom we propose to devote these few pages—a missionary, an explorer, and a confessor, who had the honour in the end of sealing, as he had long desired, his testimony with his blood.

A man of gentle and even timid nature, but rendered bold and tranquil by zeal,³ Father Jogues, after spending the earlier years of his religious life in study and teaching, sailed for the Canadian mission in the year 1636, being of the age of twenty-nine. The French, though of all nations the least successful in the establishment of colonies, seem to have been the most happy in their relations with the natives of the lands in which they

¹ Father Marquette.

² *History of the United States*, ch. xx., p. 783.

³ Bancroft.

sought to settle, and accordingly we find, that at this time they were the fast friends and trusted allies of the great Huron tribe, who dwelt in a peninsula in the lake which bears their name, to the west of the Georgian bay. Friendship on the part of the French towards a tribe, always meant the attempt to convert them, and accordingly, at the time at which our short sketch commences, the Jesuits, under the heroic Brebœuf—a future martyr—were already established among this comparatively gentle and agricultural nation. It was to this mission that Father Jogues was destined, and in accompanying him during his short sojourn among the Hurons we shall obtain an interesting glimpse into the routine of an Indian apostolate in time of peace.

It should be borne in mind that in North America, unlike the fields of Paraguay in the south, conversions were always individual rather than by tribes. There is nothing, at least in the French missions, at all similar to the "Reductions." The Indian remained as to polity and mode of life much the same after his conversion as before, and the freedom and independence of character which suggested such a mode of treatment in his case was, perhaps, the reason why there were always many, who using their natural strength the wrong way, turned a deaf ear to the missionary's overtures, even if they did not actively oppose him. Consequently, the Hurons, though a friendly, were by no means a Christian, nation, and even in matter of friendship, the fickleness and restlessness of savages forbade their guests ever to enjoy perfect security.

Father Jogues soon started for his mission. A party of Hurons had come, as was their wont, down the river to Quebec, partly to accompany some returning Frenchmen and partly to barter their peltries for hatchets and knives. With them, on their return voyage, the missionary set out. Cramped up in a bark canoe, unable to stretch his legs, afraid of stirring, as the European is perforce in these crank and fragile craft,⁴ he set off up the St. Lawrence towards his destination. One of its necessary features consisted in the frequent "portages." When rapids or cataracts prevented the course of the canoe, it had to be run ashore, its cargo unloaded, and cargo and boat alike carried by land up to water sufficiently smooth for the resumption of the

⁴ The art of managing a bark canoe or of sitting in it without upsetting is, says Catlin, almost unattainable by Europeans, though a second nature to Indians, both men and women.

interrupted way. In the labour of these portages the Father had to take more than his share. There was in the party an Indian boy of ten or eleven years, who early in the journey fell sick, and was unable to walk. Father Jogues, to whose care he had been intrusted, was consequently obliged at the portages to carry this child besides his own small effects. The rude and unsympathetic savages refused to lend him any aid, and he being most unskilful in the art of carrying such a burden, the consequences were unpleasant and even dangerous for them both. At last things looked so serious for the boy that the Indians, fearing the wrath of his parents should he die, agreed to take him from Father Jogues, on condition that he should in return bear a heavy load of hatchets and kettles. To this he gladly consented, and with this on his shoulders he struggled cheerfully over the broken and obstructed ground where the portages had to be made.

After a nineteen days' voyage, a period unusually short, the party reached the village of their destination, which the missionaries had christened St. Joseph, its native name being Ihonatiria. He found there four of his brethren, who came joyously down to the shore to welcome him. At their head was Brebœuf, the celebrated Superior of the mission. We have a little picture, given by Father Ragueneau, of the simple and sincere joyousness of this reception. "I got ready," he says, "our best fare to welcome him, a handful of dried sprats and a little flour. I sent out to procure some ears of maize, which we roasted for him in the fashion of the country. But," he adds, "the joyousness of such a meeting has in it a sweetness more than of earth."

Father Jogues' first experience of the Huron mission was to be in suffering. He had been fatigued by the journey, and a few days after his arrival he fell dangerously ill, and had to endure a fever with a mat for his bed, and a *tisane* of wild roots for his only beverage. Two of the fathers and two servants caught the infection, and the little cabin presented all the misery and none of the appliances of a hospital. "Our only available servant," says Father Mercier, "was taken up night and day in hunting, from which, after God, we could alone expect any relief. At the beginning of their illness we had no game, and had nothing wherewith to feed our invalids but a pottage of wild purslane with a dash of verjuice. We had, it is true, a hen, but she didn't lay every day, and then, what was one egg among

so many? It was a sight to see us who were whole on the look out for this egg, and when it was got, there was the question whom to give it to, and who most needed it; among the sick, the contest was *not* to eat it."

At last the invalids passed the crisis and began to rally. The medical judgment of the little community, however, was of opinion that Father Jogues needed to be bled, and the Superior gallantly undertook the task, and was successful. "What he wanted in skill," says Father Mercier, "he made up in charity."

The fever, which had struck down the missionaries first, made great havoc amongst the Indians, and we get some insight into the uncertain foothold which the fathers had acquired, when we find them profoundly grateful that they had been first attacked, as otherwise the savages, fickle and superstitious, always on the look out for some "medicine" or mystery in every unusual occurrence, might have put down the disease which devastated them to the sorceries of the pale-faces, and visited upon their devoted heads the fancied crime. Now, however, the experience gained in their own case enabled the missionaries to nurse with more skill and better effect those who fell sick around them.

When the epidemic had passed away, the mission resumed its ordinary routine of very humdrum life. Nothing indeed can well be more unromantic than the round of duties which we find going on in the midst of this wild land and its wild inhabitants. First there was the language to be learnt, and Brebœuf, who possessed it well, superintended the studies of the rest. The difficulties of the tongue were by no means slight. Some men were unable to acquire it at all, and more than one missionary had been sent home as physically incapable of producing its sounds. The Hurons eschewed labials. B, F, M, P, as well as L, Q, H and Y formed no part of their alphabet, but by way of compensation the letters H and K were made to perform functions *inconnues aux Français*. To this guttural character of the language and the absence of lip sounds, Father Brebœuf attributed the gaping and unshapely lips of the savages.

It was not only the language of the Hurons that the missionaries strove to make their own. They adopted also their mode of life. "Our dwellings are of bark like the other huts," wrote Father Chaumont, "with no partition except one to shut off the chapel. We have no tables or other furniture, so we dine off the ground. Our couch is of bark with a mat on

it; we drink our water out of bark cups, and our fare is furnished forth by a large bark platter of hominy, which resembles nothing I know but the paste used by paper-hangers." The cabins, or wigwams of bark, were not much of a protection against the weather. "It is not needful," says Brebœuf, "to go out of doors to see what sort of a day it is." There were also discomforts from within. "A legion," says the same Father, "of little brutes which the Indians call *touhac*, and which we call fleas, keep us at certain seasons from sleeping a wink—*carelles sont dans ce pays ci incomparablement plus importunes qu'en France*." But the greatest discomfort was the smoke. The huts had no chimneys, and the door had to supply the place. In all circumstances this was bad, and everything within the walls was begrimed and spoilt. But in winter when a large fire was a necessity, and the smallest possible aperture could alone be left, especially during the prevalence of certain winds, the smoke became well-nigh unendurable. It then filled the cabin, so thick, biting and *opiniâtre*, that the missionaries with eyes smarting from it could scarcely read their breviary by their only lamp, the light of the fire.

In these trying circumstances they continued, however, to lead as far as possible a regular community life. "At four a.m.," writes Father Dupeyron, "a bell rings us up; then meditation; after it Masses go on till eight, during which period all keep silence, making their spiritual reading or saying their Little Hours. At eight we open the door for the savages to come in, leaving it so till four p.m. Some of the fathers go about to visit them in their own huts. At two, the bell rings for examination of conscience; then dinner, during which is read a chapter of the Bible; at supper we have instead a chapter from Father du Barry's *Philagie de Jésus*. We say our grace both before and after dinner in Huron, for the benefit of the savages present. At four o'clock we dismiss the non-Christian savages and then say Matins and Lauds in common; after that we discuss for three-quarters of an hour plans and prospects. This done, we work at the language till our supper at half-past six. At eight, litanies and examen." These literary and spiritual occupations were varied with agriculture on a very small scale. A few ears of wheat enabled the missionaries to raise a harvest yielding half a bushel of grain for the service of the altar, and they also contrived for the same purpose to make from the wild grapes of the country a little barrel of wine.

But this was a routine of peace, which Father Jogues, and even the Huron mission itself, was not destined long to enjoy. On the fortunes of the latter we cannot dwell. Suffice it to say that a fresh plague among the Indians was employed by the "medicine-men" as an opportunity of charging witchcraft against the fathers; that the mission of St. Joseph was to a great extent dispersed, and that the fearless Brebœuf was called to plead his cause, and of course for his life, before a council of chiefs. So well did he succeed, that to his astonishment, at the close of the assembly, his chief accuser was tomahawked in his stead.

But it is time to hurry on to Father Jogues' experience of that other more fierce and formidable race with whose name we have connected his.

The "Five Nations" of the Iroquois, the most powerful of Indian tribes—the sworn foes of all Hurons and Frenchmen—occupied the western portion of the present state of New York. Their craft and boldness in war earned them successes which inflamed their pride, and they were resolved, at the time of which we speak, to make an utter end of all their enemies, white and red alike. From their position, it was easy for them to intercept parties travelling on the St. Lawrence between Lake Huron and Quebec, and the voyage became a service of great danger not to be lightly undertaken. At this date the risk was more than usual, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, which had broken off an attempt at peace and embittered the conduct of the war.

The Huron mission, however, felt the necessity of sending an envoy to Quebec on business, and Father Jogues was selected for the work. He set out with a small flotilla of four canoes, which was going for trading purposes to Quebec. The voyage thither was successful. Two of the canoes, it is true, were swamped in shooting a rapid, and part of their cargo was lost. But no Iroquois were encountered, and the party arrived safely first at Three Rivers and then at Quebec. The business, missionary and trading, was speedily got through, and after nineteen days Father Jogues and his companions started to return. Their party was larger than on the voyage down. Several Hurons who had remained at Quebec since the previous year were emboldened by the success of their friends to attempt to get home. Besides these, two young Frenchmen were bound for the mission in the character of *donnés*, a class of servants

who supplied the place of lay-brothers, and there was also a Christian Huron maiden, Teresa Orouhaton, who had been at school with the Ursulines. The accompanying Hurons were not all Christians, but there were some of rare merit—notably Joseph Téondéchoren, Charles Thondatsaa, Stephen Totiri, and the chief of the expedition, Eustace Ahasistari.

Leaving Quebec and Three Rivers, and refusing through too great confidence in their own strength an escort of soldiers which the governor of the latter post offered them, the little band set off up the St. Lawrence. One of their last days on secure ground was the feast of St. Ignatius, when the Father said Mass, and the Christian Indians received Holy Communion. They started on the 2nd of August, and on that day their voyage was prosperous, but the day following they fell unawares into an ambuscade of their enemies. The Hurons had not been sufficiently on the alert, they were taken by surprise, fell rapidly into disorder, and all hopes of a successful resistance were speedily at an end. The canoes were pierced by bullets and swamped, and running them ashore their occupants sought to escape into the neighbouring woods. Father Jogues gives here the first proof of his calm and heroic zeal. While others were flying he was occupied in baptizing the pilot of his canoe, who alone in that crew was not a Christian, though he had been for some time a neophyte. The saving waters were poured on his head amid war whoops and the whistling of bullets. Bernard, as the pilot was named, was one of those who contrived to escape, and he remained a firm Christian all his life. "How can men," he afterwards exclaimed, "refuse to believe after this! Ondesonk (the Indian name of Father Jogues) thought more of baptizing me than of saving himself in the moment of greatest danger."

In the meanwhile, some of the Hurons, as has been said, had fled into the woods, a few were making a desperate stand under René Goupil, one of the young French *donnés*. The latter party was, however, presently overpowered and seized, and the attention of the Iroquois was devoted to gathering in the fugitives. Father Jogues, hidden among the brushwood and bulrushes, was not perceived, and thought that he might escape. But on looking at the band of captives he saw that several amongst them were not yet Christians, and he felt, moreover, that he could not in conscience abandon René. So he came forward and surrendered himself.

His devotion was not solitary. Eustace, the chief, after fighting bravely, had cut his way through the enemy and got off, but finding that the Father had been taken he came back and joined him. "My brother," he said, "I made oath to thee that I would share thy fortunes, whether death or life. Here I am to keep my vow."

Couture, the other *donné*, had also made a brave resistance, and almost escaped, but he too was captured, and having in the fight killed a chief, was marked for exemplary punishment. He became innocently the cause of the first torture inflicted on the Father. When, wounded and ill-used, he was brought in by his captors to join the other prisoners, Father Jogues stepped up to him to speak a word of consolation. The Iroquois thinking that he was rejoicing over the death of their chief, fell upon him, tore off his clothes, cuffed and beat him till he fell, and then with their teeth tore off some of his nails and gnawed the tops of his fingers.

This was a type of the treatment which the unlucky captives were to experience. When all that could be hoped for were collected, they were hurried off up the river of the Iroquois.⁵ But as soon as they felt sufficiently secure of their prey, the victors halted to divide the spoil. It was rich, and they especially prized the articles for Church use, which Father Jogues had been conveying. The time of division was a respite for the prisoners, and the Father used the opportunity to console and strengthen his fellow-sufferers. There were in all twenty-three. Then engraving on some neighbouring trees a hieroglyphical history of their exploit—Father Jogues' figure being a conspicuous object—they took to their canoes and set off. An aged Huron of eighty, whom the Father had just managed to baptize, protested against the uselessness of taking him at his age to die in a strange land. He was taken at his word, and killed with a tomahawk. His fate might well have seemed enviable to the survivors. Almost without food, without sleep, their wounds festering and undressed, tormented by vermin and mosquitoes, they were carried away up the river of the Iroquois, and through Lake Champlain. When there was a halt no rest was allowed them. Fast bound at the bottom of the canoes or to stakes, they were unable to repose, while some of their cruel keepers, especially the youths, would amuse themselves by irritating and increasing their sores.

⁵ Richelieu River, which joins Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence.

Father Jogues was a special object of persecution, and his hair and beard were freely plucked out. After eight days they heard of the approach of a war party of two hundred Iroquois, and the prisoners understood that their tortures were to begin in earnest. Presently these fresh enemies came in sight, whooping and yelling with joy, thanking the sun for the prize that had been taken, and eager to secure success on the war path by cruelty to enemies already in their power. The new-comers formed two lines, each man being armed with a cudgel, stick, or whip according to his fancy. The captives, stripped of their clothes, had to run the gauntlet between, the missionary being placed last in the line of victims. When he had fallen exhausted in the middle of the course, they, fearing lest he should die, stopped the shower of blows, that he might live to be borne in triumph to their own land. But other torments he was not spared. One of his fingers was burnt, another flayed by their teeth. One savage was more than once on the point of cutting off his nose. That he did not do so the victim deemed to be a special interposition of Providence.

It would be too long, and to our delicate tastes too disgusting, to follow in detail the history of these barbarities. From village to village the victims were dragged, and in each their tortures were renewed; everywhere they had to run the gauntlet, everywhere after that ordeal their remaining limbs were hacked and maimed. Father Jogues' left thumb was cut off by a poor Christian slave,⁶ under pressure from her master. Couture's right thumb was hacked off with an oyster shell. The Father's bald head was an object of contempt and aversion, and was beaten black and blue with rods and fists, his remaining nails were torn out, and at night, while he and his companions were tied fast on the ground unable to stir, the little children amused themselves by dropping hot coals on their helpless flesh.

At each village, too, some victims were selected to be burnt. First Eustace, then Stephen and others of the Hurons. The same fate was intended ultimately for all. The Christians died heroically constant in their faith and looking to it for consolation: repeating in their last moments the prayers they had been taught instead of the death-song of their ancestors.

⁶ A captive Algonquin.

But we cannot find room for more than Father Jogues, and even with regard to him must be satisfied with a sketch. We shall not, as we have said, attempt to go through the detail of his sufferings, but having given a general idea of what they were, shall try to give a picture of his conduct in them. He afterwards under obedience drew up for his Superiors a narration of his captivity, and from this it is that we chiefly get our information.

First and above all, as at the beginning of the misadventure so in all that followed, his thoughts were for his companions, and his one desire was to receive into the Church those of the Hurons who were not yet Christians. On the march, during the halt, even on the scaffolds where the most revolting of the cruelties were perpetrated, he was ever busy with his holy proselytism. Success rewarded his devotion; all the Hurons were in these strange circumstances gathered into the fold. In the third village, while awaiting the torture, the Father was distressed by his inability, from lack of water, to confer baptism on the last neophytes of the band. At the moment an Iroquois threw them some stalks of maize for a scanty meal. The broad leaves of the plant were wet with dew, and with the water so obtained the new Christians were joyfully baptized.

Of himself and his own feelings amid so many afflictions, the good priest gives us many touching particulars. As to the running of the gauntlet, that "straight and narrow way to heaven," as he calls it, which he had so many times to thread, "God alone," he cries, "for Whose love and honour it is sweet and glorious to suffer, can tell what we there endured." When his thumb was hacked off, he tells us, "I picked up the bleeding limb and offered it up to Thee, O true and living God, in memory of the Sacrifice which for seven years I had offered on Thy altar, in expiation for the want of love and of respect with which I had handled Thy sacred Body." There is to us, who are not martyrs, something of consolation in the following trait of human weakness. "With ropes of bark they, one night, hung me up by the arms to two posts in the middle of a hut. I expected to be burnt, for this is how they generally arrange their victim. To show me that if I had hitherto been enabled to exhibit some courage and endurance in suffering, I owed this not to myself, but to Him Who strengthens the weak of heart, God left me

in a manner to myself in this new torture. I groaned, and in the excess of my pain implored my executioners to loosen my bonds.⁷ But God rightly allowed that the more I begged the more they tightened them. After a quarter of an hour's torture they cut my bonds, but for that I should have died. I thank Thee, Lord Jesus, for having taught me by this small trial what Thou must have endured upon the Cross, when Thy sacred Body hung, not by cords, but by nails through Thy Hands and Feet."

Death by fire had been, as we have said, the destined end of all the captives, and the actual fate of several. The Frenchmen, however, escaped this torture—Couture and Father Jogues, as we shall see, survived. René Goupil gained a martyr's crown. He was apparently to have been spared, at least for a time, like the other two, but his zeal prompted him to attempt to make Christians of some of the little children. He was caught in the act of teaching them to make the sign of the Cross, and was of course set down as attempting to bewitch them. The next day, as he was walking in conversation with Father Jogues, a young savage from behind cleft his skull with a tomahawk. The Father was sprinkled with his blood, and knelt down beside him expecting his own turn to be next.

It would scarcely seem that, in these circumstances and in such a position, Father Jogues could have done anything towards evangelizing the tribe whose first Apostle we have styled him. For a long time, in fact, it hardly entered his own mind that he could do anything for the spread of the Gospel among them; and while it appeared to be certain that his death was only a question of hours or days, he felt, as he himself tells us, that it was not worth while to attempt to learn the Iroquois language, without which, of course, he could not hope to make any impression on his captors.

Even so, however, the eloquence of his example was not altogether lost. One or two of the savages, accustomed though they were to glory in cruelty, were touched by the incomprehensible patience and meekness which the good priest displayed. One dropped him a word of pity; another on one occasion cut

⁷ It is worthy of note that this torture of suspension, which seems to have been in reality more cruel than others which in description are more terrible, is that which Jogues' fellow-Jesuits had to undergo at the hands of Englishmen under Elizabeth. See Father John Gerard's Narrative, *Condition of Catholics under James I.* London: Burns and Oates.

his bonds which had been drawn cruelly tight ; a third bandaged with rude kindness the bleeding wound of his thumb. These were the first seeds sown of the Gospel. God, as Father Jogues says, Who will not allow Himself to be outdone in generosity, recompensed with the pearl of great price these small traits of natural goodness.

He was not, as we have said, fated yet to die. Not all the captives were brought to the stake, but those chiefly whose known valour would, it was hoped, give a bright example of firmness in torture for the edification and instruction of the young braves of the victorious tribe. The chief Hurons had on this principle been immolated, and gradually the intention of treating the pales-faces in like manner seems to have died out. Couture and the Father were consequently, according to another Indian custom, given as chattels to families who had lost some of their members in the Huron war. They were the absolute property of the master of such a family, who could use them as slaves or beasts of burden, or could kill them at his pleasure. On the other hand, no one, without his permission, could put them to death within the precincts of the village : outside its limits any one might do so. The master to whom the Father fell was soon struck by his gentleness and patience : he watched over the captive's life, warned him not to stray beyond the fatal bound, and even employed a captive Algonquin (a Christian) to follow him and preserve him from harm. These precautions were needed. Many of the more violent spirits had vowed the stranger's death. They tried to inveigle him on all sorts of pretences into the open country, and even in the village were often on the point of violating their own law by attempting his life.

By degrees, however, things quieted, and the captivity of the missionary became peaceful, though still, humanly speaking, utterly comfortless and bitter. God, however, did not forsake His servant. Of external helps to devotion he had but few : St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, the *Imitation*, the Little Office of our Lady, a pious picture, and a little wooden cross which he had made himself, were all that he had "to take the place of Breviary and Mass." But interiorly his soul was illuminated and consoled by visitations that far outweighed the harshness of his sufferings.

In winter came the period for hunting the moose. The family whose drudge he was set off for the hunting-grounds,

and took him with them. This was an occasion of fresh and grievous hardships. The cold was intense, and he was hardly decently clad. A threadbare shirt and drawers, tattered stockings that left his legs almost wholly bare, shoes gaping with rents; these were all he had to keep off the rigour of an American winter. The journey was long and rough, the snow deep, and he traced his course in it with his blood. Arrived at the scene of the sport, the braves set off to hunt; the Father, as incapable of so noble an employment, was set, like a woman, to hew and carry wood for the fire. Game was plentiful, and furnished almost the sole food of the party; and under this generous diet his health began rapidly to improve. Presently, however, he perceived, that before eating the savages offered the meat to the spirit of the chase, Aireskoi; and seeing this, he refused to touch it, and explained to the Indians his motive. This brought much suffering. Not only had he nothing to live upon but a little hominy, which scanty and innutritious fare he could not obtain every day; but the savages, understanding his depreciation of their deity, were enraged against him, and game becoming suddenly scarce, attributed to the insult thus offered by the Father the ill luck they experienced. The pity for him which they had begun to manifest at once changed to hate, and his life again seemed not be worth an hour's purchase. He had begun to make progress with their language, but now they would neither answer a question, nor hear him speak, and he lost the opportunities which he had sometimes found of sketching to them the main features of Christianity and recounting the outlines of Bible history.

So his life went on, the severity of the weather increased, his skin chapped and ran into sores, his task-master would not give him even a moose skin of the many which they had for a coverlet, he was night and day pierced with cold. "Meanwhile," says Bancroft, "on a hill apart he carved a cross on a tree, and there in the solitude meditated the imitation of Christ, and soothed his griefs by reflecting that he alone in that vast region adored the true God of earth and heaven. Roaming through the stately forests of the Mohawk valley, he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of trees, graved the cross, and entered into possession of these countries in the name of God, often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant."

From the hunting-grounds he was sent back to the village laden with venison, and from the village made to carry supplies

in return from the camp, and when after starting he came back without accomplishing his errand—beaten by weakness or the difficulties of the ice-bound road—he was overwhelmed with insults and injuries. Presently, however, there was again a turn of the tide in his favour. The old woman of the family to whom he belonged became his protector and adopted him as her nephew. Other among the Indians, too, used to question him on points of geography and astronomy, and wonderstruck at his answers would exclaim, "What we should have lost if we had burnt him as we were going to do!"

As winter brought the hunting season, so spring called the tribe to fish, and with his masters the Father set out for a little lake four days' march from the village. The fish taken were very small, and this season very few, so that drying and preserving them for winter use the entrails alone were used, along with flour, for present food. "Hunger, practice, and the want of anything else," says Father Jogues, "enabled me, if not to relish, at least to endure, what naturally seems so very disgusting."

Again the inconstant savages grew ashamed of their lenity, and once more the captive's death was determined on. He was to have been immolated by the lake to the god of the chase, when a capture of hostile Indians who were burnt instead once more saved his life. He had the happiness of making Christians of all the victims (who, though not Huron, spoke that language) before they suffered. But this was only a respite. The Iroquois were at last resolved that he should die, and at last he was sent off back to the village to be solemnly executed on his arrival.

Meanwhile, however, all Europeans in those regions were on the look-out for means to effect his release. The Queen Regent of France, who had heard of and taken much interest in his case, had sent instructions to her own officers, and had induced the States of Holland to send instructions to theirs on this subject. The Dutch were allies of the Iroquois as the French were of the Hurons, and it so chanced that on their route the party which was conducting him called at a small trading-port of their friends situated on the Hudson. The Dutch superintendent felt bound to seize the opportunity for the Father's release, and knowing that the Indians would not consent to lose their prize, made arrangements for smuggling him away from them. The person however who was to be benefited did not at once agree. He had begun to see hopes of making

an impression on the savages with whom he was, and he feared lest he might be frustrating a design of God's if he were to withdraw from the position in which he had been placed. After a night of deliberation, however, he yielded to the arguments of the trader, and consented to escape. It was then arranged that the following night while the Indians—who did not watch him closely—were asleep, he should steal out of the shanty in which they rested and get down to a boat which would put him on board a ship in the river. His misfortunes, however, were not over. When he got outside the building a large watch-dog attacked him and tore his leg, and when one of the trader's men rescued him from this and got him to the boat and on board the ship, the captain of the latter entered by no means warmly into the scheme, and was in great fear of compromising himself and his people with the savages by robbing them of a captive. Finding that on discovering their loss the Iroquois were in fact furious, this worthy's ill humour became so great that Father Jogues—who would not be the cause of ill to any one—insisted to be put on shore, where he managed to find a hiding-place in an out-house in which he lay concealed for many days, till his enemies in despair gave him up and departed.

The Governor of New Amsterdam (New York), had by this time heard of his situation, and ordered that he should be sent thither at once. He was got on board a vessel and conducted down the river with some honour: a Calvinist minister named Megapolensis being particularly kind and attentive, treating the mutilated confessor as a hero, and wishing to give his name to one of the islands in the stream.

At New Amsterdam also he was, on account of his history and as a Jesuit, an object of much attention. But Dutch curiosity was most piqued to know what the authorities of New France would be likely to give him for his services. Some few there were in the city however who appreciated him better. A young Polish Lutheran came up in the street and kissed his mutilated hand, exclaiming, "Thou martyr of Jesus Christ!" He also came across a Portuguese Catholic woman, and was able to hear the confession of a poor Irishman.

Presently a vessel was sailing for Europe, and he resolved to avail himself of it. The voyage was painful. The captain and crew looked with scant favour on a passenger who was

utterly penniless, and who, moreover, was a Catholic and a priest; he had to sleep on deck, or at best in the hold.

A violent storm caught them in the Channel and drove them into Falmouth, then holding out for Charles the First against the Parliament.⁸ Here he fell in with a French sailor, who, pitying the sad state of his wardrobe, gave him an old cloak and a sailor's hat, and what was better procured him a passage in a small sloop sailing to Brittany.

At last after many more difficulties, which it would be tedious to recount, he presented himself on the morning of the 6th of January, 1644, at the gates of the College of the Society at Rennes. The Rector was vesting for Mass when he was informed that a poor man wretchedly clad wished to see him on pressing business. He put off his vestments and went down—we may fancy his feelings and those of his brethren when they found who the stranger was.

Honour now poured in upon him. The Queen Regent wished to see him; his family and his fellow-townsmen of Orleans entreated the honour and consolation of his presence; everybody was anxious to see and kiss his wounds. His humility was overpowered, and found in all this a new cause of suffering. He required one royal command to be repeated before he would go to Court; to his townsmen he refused to go at all, and his Superior had to protect him from the importunity of admiration which gave him so much pain. One mark of honour however he did esteem. A petition had been sent to Rome to obtain for him permission to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice in spite of the mutilation of his hands. Urban the Eighth replied in the well known words—"It were unworthy that Christ's martyr should not drink Christ's Blood."⁹

Father Jogues' heart was however still set on the Canadian Mission, and after no long stay in Europe he obtained permission to return to the Indians. Accordingly, by the end of June of the same year, 1644, he had rejoined his brethren at Quebec. The power of the Iroquois had, since he last was there, so much increased as to put out of the question a voyage to the Huron country, but as the French had established a new station higher up the river—Ville-Mariz, now Montreal—where a missionary having so large a knowledge of the Indian tongue would be most valuable, Father Jogues was ordered at once to proceed thither.

⁸ A.D. 1643. ⁹ *Indignum esset Christi martyrem Christi non bibere sanguinem.*

He had not been long at his new port when an opportunity presented itself of renewing the acquaintance of his friends the Iroquois in a character far different from before. Despite their successes, this tribe were weary of the war, and seizing the opportunity of an act of humanity on the part of the French towards some prisoners, they sent an embassy to Three Rivers to treat for peace. With their envoys they sent Couture, who had long lived in favour amongst them, and to whom they now give his liberty. Father Jogues was summoned by the French Governor to aid in the negotiation.

The proceedings were satisfactory. An Indian orator in the name of his tribe made a long harangue, and put down seventeen belts of wampum,¹⁰ to ratify as many articles of peace which the Iroquois were to observe—the governor of the French and the chief of the Algonquins spoke and presented wampum in their turn, cannons were fired to ratify the proceedings and astonish the savages, and peace was understood to be concluded. One thing only seemed needful to secure the advantages that offered themselves, and this was to send an envoy on the part of the French to meet the Iroquois at home. Father Jogues was asked to undertake the somewhat perilous task. Undeterred by his former experiences, he at once consented, and hoped that at last it might be given to him to subdue his fierce captors to the sweet yoke of the Gospel. He was, however, advised by the Algonquins not to go in his "black gown." "The beginnings of thy work will be hard enough, and thy long dress will make them harder, so it were better to go in a short coat." He took the advice, and laid aside his priestly garb.

On the 16th of May, 1645, he set off in company with the four Iroquois deputies, Bourdon, Frenchman, and two Algonquins. The heat of the season and the weight of the presents which they bore, coupled with the fact that the latter part of the journey had to be made on foot, exhausted the travellers. On the way, however, Father Jogues fell in with Teresa, the Huron maiden, who had been taken prisoner along with him. During all her captivity she had been true to her faith, and he was enabled to console her and to hear her confession. He also came across the Dutch superintendent who had been the instrument of his former deliverance.

¹⁰ Wampum, or strings of fresh water shells upon deer-sinews, much prized as an ornament, does duty both for money and a pledge of friendship.

Arrived at his destination, the Father found a very different reception from his former one. The Iroquois declared that they had lit the fire of council with the French, which should not go out; that they had cast the hatchet so high into the air that none should again find it; they had thrown away the scalps of Hurons, and would take no more. The Wolves, one of the five Iroquois nations, who had shown most kindness and least cruelty to the Father in past times, boasted of the fact and were honoured with presents; the Bears, or Mohawks, who had most ill-used him, tried to deny the fact or explain it away. Everything seemed to promise well for the future, and though bound at present to return, Father Jogues resolved to obtain permission from his Superiors to come back to reap the harvest which he had so painfully sown. He accordingly left some of his effects with the family which had formerly preserved him, in a little box, and so returned to Quebec.

When he had made his report and was free for his proper labours, he made his proposal—that he should return and winter among the Iroquois. His Superiors hesitated at his risk, but yielded in the hope of a rich accession to the Gospel, and Father Jogues prepared for his third and last journey to the Five Nations. He did not conceal from himself the issue which the well known fickleness of savages made possible. "I shall go," he said, "but I shall not come back."

On the 27th of September, 1646, he set out, accompanied by a young Frenchman, John de la Laude, and a few Hurons. The latter, however, on the way dropped off as the danger grew more immediate, and one only was left with him. It was in truth a dreary prospect that opened before the missionary. "I shall be almost a prisoner," he wrote on the eve of departure, "no Mass, no sacraments. . . . I shall be happy if our Lord shall deign to consummate the sacrifice where He vouchsafed to begin it, and to make my blood become the seed of Christianity."

This prayer was heard. A sudden change had since his visit swept over the spirit of the barbarians. An epidemic amongst them had been readily attributed to the "medicine" of the box which the pale-face had left. The hatchet had been dug up, vengeance sworn against the Frenchmen, and a party setting out on the war-path fell in with our three travellers as they were toiling to their doom. Then were renewed the scenes of the first captivity; and once more stripped of his clothes,

cuffed and kicked and beaten, the Father was dragged in triumph into a Mohawk village. His death was to follow at once. "Thou shalt die to-morrow," they yelled; "but don't be afraid, thou shalt not be burnt. We will slay thee with the tomahawk!" At the same time they hacked out pieces of his flesh, and devoured them before his eyes.

There was, however, division in the camp. The Wolves and the Tortoises did not approve his treatment, and protested against such a breach of faith, but the Bears, who boasted that if the Five Nations, according to their Indian name, were a complete wigwam, they were the door, clamoured for his death. A great council was held, and the party of mercy prevailed; but while it was sitting the deed of blood was done. The Father was summoned by a Mohawk to his hut—ostensibly to dine with him. As he stepped across the threshold his head was cloven with a hatchet, and then cut off and stuck on the village wall, with the face towards the road by which he had come. The next day his companions shared his fate.

The death of the holy man seemed at once to produce, at least partially, the effect he had desired. The Iroquois were frightened at their own act. Many blamed it. One who had been well treated as a prisoner by the French had even striven to stay the blow, and received a wound himself. Others set at liberty Huron prisoners whom they had. All feared disastrous consequences. And so it was that before many years had elapsed, though only through fresh sufferings and amid ever-recurring dangers, an Iroquois mission was actually, though intermitently, established. Once again the blood of a martyr was the seed of Christians.

Of present traces of the missionary and his murderers alike we can find scarce any. He lies in an unknown grave; and they, the once restless and powerful tribe, have passed away like a dream. "Of this tribe," says Catlin, "I have seen but one. He told me that the Iroquois had conquered all the world; but that the Great Spirit being offended at the great slaughter by His favourite people, resolved to punish them, and He sent a dreadful disease amongst them that carried most of them off, and all the rest were killed by their enemies—that though he was an Iroquois, which he was proud to acknowledge to me, he wished it to be generally thought that he was a Chippeway, in order that he might live as long as the Great Spirit had wished when He made him."

J. G.

Stonyhurst Life.

WHEN Sir Nicholas Sherburne, on the 2nd of June, 1712, agreed with Mr. Richard Rydeing for the building of the "two cupuloes upon the two stare-cases" of his house at Stonyhurst, he little thought that in these eagle-capped turrets which command the valley of the Ribble from the slopes of the Longridge Fell, he was creating an image which would be carried away to all parts of the world by generation after generation of young men, to live in their memories as the centre and emblem of the cherished recollections of happy boyhood. The ancient mansion of the Sherburnes is not an unworthy home for a great school. It may be seen as it appeared before the cupolas were added, in an engraving in Whitaker's *Whalley*, and with the cupolas but without the new wing which now completes the symmetry of the façade, in Baines' *Lancashire*. With its single wing and square tower ornamented in stages with pillars representing the orders of classical architecture, with its gardens and their trim yew hedges, its straight drive bounded by the two long rectangular ponds—

The waters that in the summer time so oft in evening hours,
Bore painted on their unwrinkled breast those gray old Sherbourne Towers¹—

the old house with all these quaint embellishments, must have presented a handsome and imposing appearance. It was spared by Oliver Cromwell, who slept there the night before he defeated Sir Marmaduke Langdale on Preston Moor,² to become, towards the end of last century, the retreat of the Jesuit fathers and their students, whom the French Revolution had driven from Liége, and under their management it has since grown into a large and flourishing school.

School-boy life in its various phases is a tempting topic, and Stonyhurst is not unknown to literature. Who that has enjoyed

¹ Prologue to *Philosopher's Play*, 1863. By C. T. B., spoken by G. L. G.

² See Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*, letter lxxii., 17th August, 1648. "We lay last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonyhurst."

the *Essays on Natural History* of the late Mr. Waterton, will forget the Stonyhurst episodes in the autobiography? Great changes have taken place at Stonyhurst since Charles Waterton's escapades in pursuit of the foomart and the squirrel, and the irrepressible development of his ornithological genius disturbed the peace of mind of his anxious prefects; but the place has not lost, and, may we hope, never will lose that charm which, as Waterton says, made "the day I left the Jesuits' College, one of heart-felt sorrow to me," and inspired him with those feelings of gratitude which he has so warmly expressed. Stonyhurst life of a later period has been illustrated in a spirited sketch, which lays claim, however, rather to the interest and invention of fiction than to the accuracy of a sober narrative of facts. Perhaps, therefore, a plain picture of the Stonyhurst system in its more modern development, may be not altogether unworthy of the attention of such as interest themselves in the condition and progress of Catholic education in England. Of the most recent improvements no record must be expected in the recollections of one who left the quiet shelter of collegiate life to fight his way in the busy world nearly ten years ago, and who has since had little opportunity of informing himself, except in a general way, of the course of Stonyhurst affairs.

September is not invariably a cheerful month amongst the hills of north-east Lancashire; and the boy who has just left home to commence his first year of school life at Stonyhurst, will scarcely, perhaps, fall in love with the place at the outset. He is not, however, launched quite precipitately into the little world which must be so new and strange to him. He is allowed a day or two of liberty, during which he is supposed to be initiated in the manners and customs of the establishment by two companions, who are selected, as the phrase was, "to have walking days with him." But walking days must come to an end, and work commences in a brief interview with the prefect of studies, who has to determine to which of the classes or schools the new boy is to be attached.

If he is a very small boy he is sent down to Hodder, which is a separate establishment for the younger boys, situated about a mile from Stonyhurst, in a charming spot overlooking the little valley of the picturesque stream from which the house has borrowed its name. Promotion from the smaller to the larger house, depends rather upon age and size than upon mere progress in school work; boys sometimes pass from Hodder to

the second or even to the third class at Stonyhurst. Though included in the Stonyhurst system just as if it were under the same roof, Hodder is at the same time quite self-contained ; it has its own superior, and its own masters and prefects, it boasts a play-ground and cricket-field of its own, and it is only on what may be called state occasions that the troop of little "Hodderitians" is to be seen at Stonyhurst.

The care which is taken for the protection of the younger boys is a characteristic feature of the Stonyhurst system. "Fagging" is unknown and impossible. Not only are the smallest boys isolated to their great advantage and comfort at Hodder, but at Stonyhurst itself the three higher classes are divided from the four lower classes by a line of almost complete separation. It is only exceptionally or in the case of relations that the "higher line" has any intercourse with the "lower line."

In order to understand Stonyhurst it is necessary to remember that it is not only a school, but also a religious house of the Society of Jesus. The staff, in fact, constitutes a religious community. Of the internal or spiritual organization of this community it is unnecessary, and the writer is indeed incompetent, to speak. It is, however, sufficiently well known that this organization, as was intended by its illustrious founder, can be used with extraordinary advantage in the work of education. As might be expected, there was little resemblance in the details or general plan of management between Stonyhurst and the Protestant public schools. The supreme control of the entire establishment was vested in the Rector, whose office, however, was scarcely analogous to that of Head Master. He took no part in the work of teaching, his functions being almost exclusively those of general direction and superintendence. Amongst the subordinate members of the staff it is necessary to mention only those who were more directly concerned in the work of education. The Spiritual Director was responsible for the religious welfare of the College ; he preached the sermon on Sunday mornings, gave weekly lectures on religion, and kept a zealous watch over the moral well-being of the boys both generally and individually. The duties of the Prefect of Studies are sufficiently indicated by his title ; he was not a master, or in other words he did not teach a class ; but he superintended generally and tested at the quarterly examinations the progress made in the school-rooms. The actual work of teaching was carried on by the Masters. The boys, who numbered from two

hundred to two hundred and fifty, were classified in seven "schools," which were called elements, figures, rudiments, grammar, syntax, poetry, and rhetoric. Each school had a separate class-room, and its own master, who, if he proved a successful teacher, was usually attached to his class for several years. Hence he became very much identified with his school, with the boys who had grown from childhood to boyhood, and who sometimes passed from boyhood to the verge of manhood under his constant care. If this arrangement did not secure all the advantages of experienced tuition for the youngest boys (and the direction and advice of an ever-watchful prefect of studies must be taken into account), it certainly gave to the teacher admirable opportunities of knowing and making himself known to his pupils, of understanding and cultivating with success their various gifts, and it also created between master and boys an intimate, and in most cases affectionate, tie which could not but facilitate greatly the efficient discharge of their mutual duties. Indeed the influences of this association were often such as survive long after school-fellows have been dispersed, and may be felt and cherished as a force by no means powerless in shaping the life of the boy when he has grown to be a man. The system of training at Stonyhurst was highly methodical, but it is an error to imagine that it had any tendency unduly to repress or extinguish individuality, or that it rejected the aid of those personal influences whose very existence must depend on individual force of character.

In the school-room the boys were under the sole care of the master; out of school hours they fell within the jurisdiction of the prefects. In fact, the department of studies or teaching, and the department of discipline, were under distinct administrations. The latter belonged to the prefects. The first prefect was usually a priest, and he was assisted by two or three younger and subordinate prefects. Both prefects and masters had generally (though there were not a few exceptions to the rule), been themselves educated at Stonyhurst, and even though not yet ordained were always, of course, members of the Society of Jesus. In the play-ground and the play-room the prefect was supreme: in the study-place, where all private study, reading and writing, had to be done, a prefect always presided to enforce silence and order. Upon the prefects devolved the very disagreeable task of inflicting corporal punishment; for we enjoyed at Stonyhurst that which has been described as a fortunate privilege of the

English upper classes—to be flogged in their youth. The institution, however, was preserved in a form which was well guarded from abuse. The dreaded instrument was a *ferula* of leather, the number of strokes was always limited by the sentence, and they were administered on the hand, not by the master or prefect who had prescribed them, but by another who generally knew nothing of the circumstances, and might therefore be trusted to execute the sentence in the fairest and most disinterested spirit. Probably the terrible limit of “twice nine” is immemorial.

And now, after this long digression, we may return to our new boy, who has finished his “walking days” and joined, we may assume, one of the schools of the lower line. He has been shown to his school-room, with its desks ranged on either side face to face, and its pulpit, from which the master commands a view of the whole. He has taken his place in the handsome refectory, and on the hard oak benches of the study-place, and stowed away his books, papers, and other effects in one of the somewhat dilapidated desks which ornament that luxurious apartment. He is now fairly under way, and must learn to hold his own and keep out of scrapes as best he can. He will, however, be spared those ordeals which new boys are said to encounter at many schools; unless manners have changed at Stonyhurst, he will be received by his companions with perfect kindness and good feeling. The sense of loneliness will quickly wear away; he will soon begin to know, and probably to like, his school-fellows, his master and prefects; the new life will become familiar, new interests will be awakened, and if he is not very unfortunate in his character or constitution, he will enjoy a fair share of school-boy happiness.

It is in the nature of boys to grumble, with or without reason. Doubtless the Stonyhurst boy of to-day does not accept the conditions of his existence without a murmur; he enjoys, nevertheless, many advantages and comforts in which his predecessor of ten years ago was not permitted to indulge, and the life even then compared to what it is said to have been fifty years earlier was in many respects absolutely luxurious. We rose at half-past five, and after morning prayers, Mass, and an hour's work in the study-place, had magnificent appetites for a plain but plentiful breakfast of bread and milk at a quarter to eight. The study-place is a long room, hung with copies of the old masters, with desks and benches ranged across it,

affording accommodation for the whole school. Against one of the walls, about half way down the room, is a pulpit, which during study time was always occupied by a prefect, who did his best to enforce silence and attention to work. It is scarcely necessary to say that the attention of many ingenious youths was chiefly devoted to the work of eluding the vigilance of the prefect and of devising the most agreeable methods of escaping the intolerable obligation of doing something useful. At one time there was something of a rage for chemistry, and several boys set up miniature laboratories in their desks. The prefects, however, did not recognize scientific research as a legitimate occupation during studies. One of our chemists desired to make some experiments, for the purposes of which he found it necessary to use a spirit-lamp. His difficulty was to obtain a light. To alarm the room by striking a lucifer match was out of the question; but he knew of a powder which would explode noiselessly on being touched with an acid. He carefully laid a train of this powder inside his desk to the head of a lucifer match. Then, carefully observing the prefect from under the lid of his desk, in which there was a convenient hole, at the right moment he touched the powder with the acid, the match was lighted, and in an instant the lamp was burning, the experiment proceeding snugly, and our enthusiastic chemist busily turning over the pages of his Liddell and Scott. If a tiny wreath of blue smoke always would escape and rise to the ceiling, the prefect, if it ever caught his eye, never seemed to detect its origin. However, there was no great harm done, as the offender was really a talented and industrious boy, whose subsequent successes proved that he had not been prevented even by a passion for chemical investigation from applying himself to his more serious and regular work.

After breakfast came "morning schools," which were devoted entirely to classical work. From ten to half-past there was recreation; and afterwards mathematical classes, or study, and a writing lesson for the lower line. We dined at half-past twelve, and after dinner there was recreation in the play-ground or cricket-field until half-past two. Then came "afternoon studies," that is to say, half an hour (a very sleepy half hour it usually was) in the study-place; and "schools" from three to half-past four. Recreation for three quarters of an hour, during which those who chose might refresh themselves with

a frugal repast of bread and beer (of a perfectly harmless quality), a visit to the chapel, and "night studies," occupied the time until supper, which was at seven o'clock. After supper there was recreation for an hour, during which, however, one of the school-rooms was open as a reading-room to such of the boys as preferred to devote this hour to reading, writing, or study. The day closed with night prayers in the chapel at half-past eight. Tuesdays and Thursdays were half-holidays, and on Sundays there were no schools, but there were studies and a lecture on religion, besides, of course, a sermon and the other religious exercises of the day. One Thursday in every month was given up entirely (with the exception of an hour's study before breakfast) to recreation, and there were, without going into further particulars, a few additional holidays during the summer.

It may be observed that the life of a Stonyhurst boy was essentially and completely a life in common. He had no private room, and was not left to choose, except within very narrow limits, what he would do with himself at any particular time. In his order of the day every hour was provided for; even during the comparative freedom of recreation-time he was generally obliged to remain with the other boys either in the play-ground or play-room. There was nothing, however, to prevent the cultivation of particular tastes outside of the regular school work. There were many boys who attained a certain proficiency in music; there were others who devoted considerable attention, and with fair success, to drawing, and those whose tastes were bookish had no difficulty in finding ample time and opportunity for a useful and wholesome, if somewhat limited, course of general reading. The system, in fact, was administered wisely, and it worked easily and harmoniously. It was not oppressive, and certainly was not so regarded by the boys themselves. Probably there were individuals dissatisfied and unhappy; where is the school in which such are not to be found? It is difficult to explain the kind of feeling, the sense of companionship, which pervaded almost universally the relations between the boys and their superiors at Stonyhurst; and to such as have not seen or do not understand the nature of these relations, a bare outline of the system may suggest exaggerated notions of its constraint.

The prosperity and efficiency of a school depend in no small degree on its games. Now, one of the advantages

arising from the existence of a staff of prefects, such as there was at Stonyhurst, is that it insures upon the part of the school authorities constant interest in the games of the boys. The encouragement and regulation of the games fell within the sphere of the prefects' special duties, whilst, of course, their actual management was left entirely to the boys themselves. It would be difficult to find or invent a better winter game for boys than Stonyhurst football. There is something very bracing in the recollection of the play-ground on a bright afternoon in December, when we were drawn up—"second guarders," "poachers," and the rest—waiting for the ball to be kicked from the goal by the guarder. Away it flies in a long high curve through the air, and the game commences in earnest. "Now then, French," "Bravo, English!" A struggle, a rush, a sharp kick, and the ball rises high and passes within a yard of the French goals—"Hurrah for the English!" It is kicked off again by the guarder, and the fight recommences more vigorously than ever. Now that football is becoming a popular game, the Stonyhurst rules may be recommended to the careful attention of any one who may be endeavouring to frame a common code. Its great advantages as a school game are that a great number of boys can join in the same match, thirty on each side not being excessive, and that it affords to all, from the youngest to the oldest, abundant opportunities for the exercise of skill and activity. The "grand matches" at Shrovetide were amongst the two or three "grand" occasions of the year, to which Stonyhurst boys looked forward with the greatest interest and delight. Many of the masters and prefects and even the older members of the community took an active part in our football matches; amongst them, indeed, were often to be found the best players on the ground. Who does not remember the famous left leg kick of a certain popular prefect of philosophers, which was considered so dangerous that one or two active fellows were often specially told off at the grand matches to be prepared for Father C—, so that whenever he had the ball he might not be allowed to get what we called a fair kick?

Formerly the boys spent the whole year at Stonyhurst with the exception of the six weeks vacation in the summer; but within the last three or four years a change has been made in this respect, and they now go home at Christmas. There is everything to be said in favour of the change, but doubtless

many will regret the abandonment of the old Stonyhurst traditions of Christmas-tide. The plays were the great feature of the short Christmas holidays. Considerable pains were taken in their preparation, and they certainly afforded much innocent excitement and profitable amusement. It was a somewhat curious custom to keep the names of the plays a profound secret until the very night of their performance. Hence the house was for a time divided between the actors, who carried their parts in mysterious inner pockets, and were grave with the responsibility of their knowledge, and the non-actors who conspired and plotted incessantly to discover the secret. The discomfiture of the non-actors, and the disclosure of their futile schemes were favourite topics and subjects of merriment in the prologue, which at last announced the name of the play. Sometimes, however, the laugh was on the other side, and the non-actors occasionally anticipated the revelations of the prologue by publishing a prologue of their own. There was always a tragedy (usually of Shakspeare) and a comedy, each of which was performed twice. A fifth night was devoted to farce, and the dramatic season generally closed with a play given by the philosophers. Thus every taste ought to have been gratified; as the prologue, which has already supplied us with a quotation, said in introducing a somewhat melodramatic performance of the philosophers—

Unus'd are we to the scaffold high, unus'd to the shifting scene,
Unus'd to the sock and the buskin tall of the dark tragic Queen,
Unus'd to all, yet were it shame ne'er small pains to employ,
In pouring our mite, through one short night, in the tide of Christmas joy.
And so from our snow-topt fells for two short hours we pray you fly
Where the snow-capt peaks in the land of the sun cleave the deep azure sky.

Fancy you be transported far into a bygone age,
For many a clime and many a time may live on our Christmas stage.
Love you the clash of the sabres keen, the groans and the roaring fight?
It shall go hard ere we may not hope to please you e'en thus to-night.
Or to the strife of elements, thither incline your bent,
The thunder shall roll and the lightning flash fall to your heart's content.
And thus, kind friends, I bid you each and every one farewell,
For I go to quaff in the bandit cave the rosy muscadell.
With the bard who sang by Avon, we your patience humbly pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, kind friends, our coming play.

As it was not allowed to impersonate female characters, these had to be eliminated, and hence resulted a terrible mangling of the original plays. But if the Stonyhurst theatre did

occasionally present situations which were somewhat ridiculous, it was at least free from the vulgarity and coarseness of the public stage; and it familiarized its juvenile actors and audiences with many of the most splendid passages in English literature. However, it is now a thing of the past, and Shakspeare may rest quiet in his grave free from further molestation, at least at the hands of Stonyhurst managers.

About Easter we began to play Stonyhurst cricket, which appears to be an indigenous game, quite unknown elsewhere. It bears only the rudest resemblance to the great English sport, which we distinguished as London cricket. Possibly it may be a survival of some archaic form of that highly developed game; and at all events it afforded plenty of healthy exercise and amusement for a few weeks before the commencement of the real cricket season. However, when football had passed away with Shrovetide, it was to the cricket-field that Stonyhurst looked forward with enthusiasm. Prefects of studies and anxious masters might shake their heads, but not even they could altogether resist the charm as they stood in the cricket-field, when the stillness of the summer evening was broken by the merry din of the multitude of happy boys. It is difficult to imagine a pleasanter scene than was presented on such an occasion by the Stonyhurst cricket-field, with its steep and dark background of the Longridge Fell, and the wide sweep of the valley stretching far away below, with Pendle rearing his massive length against the horizon, all bright with the afternoon glory of a July sun.

It must be an advantage for a boy to be brought up amidst scenes which tend to inspire and cultivate a love for all that is beautiful in the face of nature. And surely Stonyhurst is fortunate in this respect. Has not many a lad felt when he was growing weary of his long promenade about the bare play-ground, that the presence of the green hill-sides, which he could see rising in the distance over the old gray wall, lent a certain charm to his life for which he was thankful in his heart, though perhaps almost unconsciously? Or has he, perhaps, discovered a new pleasure, a source of elevating thoughts, as he chanced, before lying down on a summer night, to look out from his dormitory window across the beautiful landscape when the white mists were rising from the rivers in the valley? Surely, at least there will be found in the memory of every old Stonyhurst boy many happy impressions of those

welcome half-holidays when, gathering about our master, we climbed the steep fells, or rambled through the woods and pleasant fields.

This rapid and incomplete sketch of Stonyhurst life cannot include anything like an adequate account of the system of teaching or its results. Classics were unquestionably the favoured study, and were cultivated with a success which might, without exaggeration, be called brilliant. When there were matriculation honours in special subjects at the London University (as there were until the year 1864), Stonyhurst appeared with remarkable frequency at the head of the classical list. Thus in 1859, in 1860, 1861, 1862, and 1863, a Stonyhurst boy occupied that creditable position. And when the special honours were abandoned at the University, the work, at least in classics and mathematics, was continued at Stonyhurst for its own sake. If less time was given to mathematics than to classics, they were still taught efficiently. In fact, the most valuable of the prizes distributed at the end of the year was that which was given to the boy who had been most successful in the examination for mathematical honours, which comprised arithmetic, algebra, Euclid, plane and spherical trigonometry, and analytical plane geometry. French formed part of the regular school course, and in rhetoric we were taught sufficient chemistry and natural philosophy to carry us through the matriculation examination. For it should be stated, that although the general course was entirely independent of the requirements of the London University, still every boy in rhetoric was expected to be able to matriculate, and was afforded special opportunities of preparing himself for the matriculation examination. Considerable progress has, I believe, been made of late years in the teaching of natural science; and notwithstanding classical traditions, it is scarcely likely that this branch of education will ever be neglected at a school in connection with which excellent scientific work (sufficiently well known in scientific circles) has been done regularly and systematically for many years.

But Stonyhurst was something more than a school; it endeavoured in some measure to supply the want of a Catholic University. When a boy had finished his school course in rhetoric he might pursue his studies as a "philosopher." The philosophers were treated not as boys, but as young men. Except occasionally in the football and cricket matches, they

had little or no intercourse with the boys. They had private rooms, enjoyed greater liberty, and were in a word intrusted with a much larger measure of self-government. They had a wider choice of amusements; during the fishing season the rivers afforded some sport, and most delightful excursions. Some men did a little shooting, and others indulged in the luxury of a saddle-horse. The regular course of studies comprised logic, metaphysics, mental and moral philosophy, mathematics, and natural science. Lectures on these subjects were attended by the philosophers and also by the young Jesuit scholastics who were pursuing a similar course of studies, though living in a separate house. The philosophers occupied quarters which were set apart for them in the College. Many young men who had matriculated at the London University joined the class of philosophy chiefly with the intention of preparing for the examinations for their degree. Stonyhurst did, in fact, succeed in affording in "philosophy," some of the advantages of a University. There was no want of teaching power, and the obligation of attending lectures and the other regulations for securing attention to work were systematically enforced. But at the same time no one will pretend that "philosophy" could in any adequate manner supply the want of a genuine University training such as Protestant young men enjoy at Oxford and Cambridge. The intellectual life and activity, which depend on the action and reaction of mind upon mind, and which exercise so powerful an influence in the formation of character and tone, can scarcely attain any vigorous development in a body which seldom numbered more than thirty members. And the want of numbers was aggravated in its effects by the fact that this very small body generally included a certain number of men (chiefly foreigners) who had not been sent to Stonyhurst to pursue the regular course of studies, whose education indeed was not always sufficiently advanced to enable them to do so. If such was the obvious and perhaps inherent weakness of "philosophy," its many advantages on the other hand are familiar to all those who, with the writer, look back with a genuine and grateful appreciation to the opportunities of culture, the high moral tone, the valued friendships, the pleasant society, which must certainly ever be uppermost in his recollections of that unclouded period which terminated his connection with Stonyhurst.

J. W.

The Letters of St. Bernard.

PART THE FIRST.

ST. BERNARD was a great man. Catholics who revere him as a saint, and those outside the pale of the Church who merely regard his position in history, will agree on this point. Few men have exercised greater influence on their age than the humble monk of Clairvaux; and it was essentially as a humble monk, as the favoured servant of God, that St. Bernard gained and kept the confidence of his age. His material power was small enough. His body was a mere wreck, supported through unceasing toils by what must seem almost miraculous interference. The Cistercian Order, of which he was the ornament, gained its great name during his life, and probably in great measure through his influence. He was the father of one hundred and thirty of its monasteries. He preached a crusade, and the country was unpeopled. He stood between the rival claimants to the Holy See, and the defenders of the Antipope melted away. Kings of France and of England, of Sicily and of Rome, respected his words. Revolted peoples, States relapsing into schism, were checked by his influence, and brought back to obedience. Abuses in Church and State found in him their untiring foe. Grasping kings, worldly bishops, luxurious churchmen, degenerate religious, trembled before his ever-active zeal. How came this? The natural resources at St. Bernard's command were of little account. In talents and eloquence he was inferior to Abelard. He held no great position in Church or State. To no material source can we trace his powers. The position St. Bernard holds in history is the fruit of his holy life. Whether as a monk or as a public character, he comes before us essentially as a saint. He affords us a very remarkable example of active zeal, and this under peculiar circumstances. His chosen life was that of a contemplative. If he had had his own way, his days would have been passed in prayer, singing divine office, and working in the fields. It may not be without interest for us to trace from his letters how he came to adopt, or rather, be forced into, a life so different from his choice, and how he acted in the many affairs that came into his hands.

A complete biography of St. Bernard would be a history of the times in which he lived. All that we can attempt in this paper is to show in the Saint's own words the spirit which guided him, adding such brief details as may be necessary for the understanding of the passages

quoted. We must begin with a few facts to explain the high position of the Abbot of Clairvaux among his contemporaries.

St. Bernard speaks of the days before his conversion, but the word in his mouth means little more than the final abandonment of the world. It was in his unconverted days that he punished himself for an unguarded look by standing in a freezing pool till he was numbed with cold. In A.D. 1113, when St. Bernard was about twenty-three years of age, the final call came. But our Saint was not one who would keep to himself the treasures imparted to him by his God. His apostleship at once began. An uncle and two younger brothers were quickly induced to accompany him in his retirement to Cîteaux. His eldest brother, Guido, was less easy to secure, for though his own heart quickly responded to the call from on high, he was destined to be the representative of the lords of Fontaines, and yet more was he bound by his late marriage. But God had His designs. His hand soon warned the at first unwilling wife that the claims of the Most High on her husband were prior even to hers, and she left the world to join a convent near Dijon, where she lived and died a holy nun. The second brother, Gerard, made a still longer opposition to Bernard's invitation, but as it was foretold to him, so found he that it was hard for him "to kick against the goad." The prophesied wound in his side, a lonely imprisonment, and finally a miraculous release, brought him to Bernard's feet, a suppliant for admission among his companions. Only the youngest brother was left to take care of their aged father, but even this separation was not to last. The mother of the family had long been dead, and the old man with his youngest son soon came to share the hardships of the Cistercian life.

It was with thirty noble comrades, mostly of his own kith and kin, that Bernard presented himself at the gate of the Abbey of Cîteaux, and begged the habit at the hands of the third abbot of that house, St. Stephen Harding. The abbey had been founded in 1098, in a wild tract about five leagues from Dijon, and hitherto the exceeding austerity of the monks and their undeviating adherence to the severe Benedictine rule, had scared away those who were attracted by the holiness of these, the first Cistercians. In the words of the chronicler, "there seemed no hope of a posterity to whom that heritage of holy poverty might be bequeathed." But now there stands one at the gate of the monastery who shall remove this reproach. Had St. Stephen the prophetic eye to see the Pope, the cardinals, the fourteen bishops, the thousands of monks, whom that applicant at the convent gate was to add to his order? Be this as it may, the Abbot was not slow in discovering the treasure committed to him by heaven; and when a brief space of two years had so increased their numbers as to make a new foundation possible, the youthful Bernard, not yet twenty-five, was appointed Abbot over mature and stalwart monks. Many trembled to see one so delicate exposed to the want and cold of a new foundation in the wilderness. At his best our Saint was far from robust, so that what

between his weakness and his want of skill he used to be made to sit down while others were reaping the harvest. But this so grieved him that he begged of God the grace to be able to reap like his brethren, and his simple prayer merited for him what he desired. Soon after their settlement at Clairvaux, when a diet of oaten bread and other privations had still more reduced St. Bernard's frame, he was sent to Châlons-sur-Marne, to seek consecration as an abbot at the hands of the holy Bishop, William de Campellis. It is said that some smiled as the youth dragged his puny and attenuated body into the Bishop's palace, followed by a well-built and stalwart monk from Cîteaux. But Bishop William soon discovered what a treasure was hidden under so mean an exterior, and from that visit dated the friendship between the two which was the immediate cause of the spreading abroad of St. Bernard's name. The Saint was also laid open to visits from the outer world, by command from the abbots of his order, which compelled him to live in a cell outside the monastery, under obedience in matters of lodging and diet to one appointed to look after his ruined health. St. Bernard's place in the external government of his monastery was supplied by his brother Gerard, and thus he was left at leisure to mature those lofty principles of the spiritual life, which according to his own account, he had first learnt amid the heavy toils of wood and field. These we find expounded in the Sermons on the Canticles, practically applied in the life and actions of St. Bernard.

It is impossible to dwell here at any length on the mortifications of the servant of God, his devotion to prayer, his utter forgetfulness of self in the service of his brothers in religion and spiritual children, nor can we dwell on the miracles by which God had already begun to attest the heroic holiness of His chosen champion. But to understand what follows we must bear in mind St. Bernard's real position—that he was looked upon by all as a saint; that it was by common consent that he became the arbiter of disputes, the defender of virtue and justice when all other hopes had failed. He was God's trumpet to sound forth rebuke and warning wherever it was needed; the respect of all made his voice efficacious. How then could he, humble though he was, refuse to use the power God had intrusted to him, and to chastise with all the energy of his fiery eloquence wrong-doing or neglect of duty, even in the highest places? The smaller world of the monastery was the training ground for his larger work in the world, and well he profited by its lessons. We shall see anon how he learnt to mix encouragement with rebuke, joining invitation to amendment with scathing denunciation of wrong-doing, the most considerate love for persons with unsparing hatred for their faults. In the early days of his authority at Clairvaux, it is said he was very severe on small failings. His own sanctity raised him above such weaknesses, and he thought they indicated serious shortcoming. But to his surprise he found that his rebukes and punishments were received with readiness and joy. Such patience he knew required no mean virtue, and thus the apostle of his time learnt to

make allowances for poor human nature. The management of the large numbers that soon converted the wilderness of the Valley of Wormwood into the "comely vale" (Claravallis, Clairvaux) taught him how to deal with many together, while the private direction of individual souls gave him a marvellous insight into the characters of men. These natural means were the instruments of God's grace in fashioning the sanctity of St. Bernard, and adapting it for the special work for which he was raised up. One so advanced as he would not be in great peril of being exalted by the excellence of God's gifts, but if there were such a danger he was protected by the continual sufferings of ill health, and in earlier life by the severe admonitions of his eldest brother Guido, and his uncle Galdric, who, in the words of the chronicler, "were given him like two stings of the flesh that the greatness of his gifts might not exalt him. Wherefore they spared him not, finding fault with his good works, treating his wonderful deeds as nothing worth, and afflicting even unto tears by their reproaches and outrages this meekest of men, who answered not a word." His presumption in listening to those who begged for miraculous assistance through his means was a special object of their rebukes.

St. Bernard had fled from the world: the life of one hidden with Christ in God was his choice. He would have wished to live and die unknown to men, amid the daily duties of a Cistercian monk. He would have sung office, worked in the fields, prayed, and read the Holy Scriptures and Fathers, and when he was ripe for heaven have passed peacefully away to his reward. Thus has many a monk lived and died, while the world dreamt not of the hidden saints that were warding from it God's anger. But such was not to be St. Bernard's fate. The zeal that burnt in his own heart and the commands of his ecclesiastical Superiors forced him back into the world he had left. Yet only great necessity could call him from his loved retreat; the hidden life was his choice, work in the world was imposed on him as duty. Listen how he writes to his brethren who complained of his long tarrying away from them¹—

Judge by yourselves what I suffer. If my absence pains you, how much more must it pain me? The loss is unequal, the pain is not the same; for you have lost but me, I am separated from you all. My sorrows are multiplied in your numbers; I mourn from being away from each one of you. My double sorrow will not leave me so long as I am separated from my heart. For it is not my absence alone that pains me, but also my being forced to live awhile in what disturbs my dear quiet and befits not my adopted life.

And in another letter—

My heart is sad till I come back to you; I will not be consoled but in you. How often is this consolation torn from me? My little ones are untimely weaned; I am not suffered to rear those whom I have begotten

¹ The quotations are from the letters of St. Bernard, with some few from the pamphlets or treatises. Though given consecutively, they are not always consecutive in the original; and they are sometimes abbreviated.

by the Gospel. I am forced to leave my own charge to look after another's, and I doubt which is the greater grief, the separation from my own children, or the being immersed in these cares. My good Jesus, is all my life to pass away in sorrow, my years in groanings? Better is it for me, O Lord, to die than to live; yet not to die but amid my brethren, my family, my loved ones. Grant me, O Lord, though I am a father unworthy of the name of father, yet that my eyes may be closed by the hands of sons; that they may witness my last moments and console me in death; and, as I am poor, bury my body among the poor. Yet not my will but Thine be done.

This outpouring of a loving heart, longing for its loved ones, is often repeated in St. Bernard's letters. Thus he writes again to the assembled abbots of his order—

In weakness of body and trouble of mind I write to you, I a wretched man, born to toil, yet your brother. Would that I could bring home to you the picture of my sorrows. Then surely your tears would burst forth and your prayers would penetrate the heavens, and God would hear you and pardon me and say—"I have given thee back to thy brothers. Thou shalt not die among strangers, but among thy own brethren." So great are my toils, that I often feel weary of my life; but I desire delay till I come back to you, that I may not die away from you.

But how different is his tone when he is at last free to return—

Now there is nothing to keep me back. I do as you ask. No longer is it "I will come," for now I am coming. Coming, I come quickly, carrying my sheaves in my hand. These words are beautiful, but still more beautiful is the reality.

This realization of the happiness of the life of undisturbed prayer is no passing dream of a weary mind. It is the constant conviction of the loving soul that dreads all that seems to remove it from close communion with God. It is not confined to words. After the extinction of the Leonine schism by the death of the Antipope, the Saint, as his biographer tells us, did not remain in Rome as many days as he had been years labouring to restore peace. Seven years had he toiled in that cause; three times had he made the journey to Italy; he had traversed France to repress the schism in its lurking-places; he had travelled down to Salerno, to meet and rebuke Roger, King of Sicily, the great supporter of Leo. Now at length peace is restored, and within five days St. Bernard is on his way home to his loved monastery. His heart is bounding with joy because he is going back to his retreat and his loved ones. He is happy, too, because he has for them a present they will prize, holy relics from Rome. He seems almost to delude himself with the hope that he will be now allowed to end his days in peace. But there was to be no rest for him; troubles of the Church, great and small, were to drag him continually from his hiding-place, and not unfrequently his only reward from men was to be blame for interfering. Thus he has to defend himself with the Chancellor of the Holy See—

Was the fault wholly and entirely mine that I was present at the deposition from his stewardship of the man who had dissipated the goods of the Church of Verdun committed to him? . . . I am fit but to lie hidden, to judge only myself, to stand as accuser and chastiser of my own faults, that my life

may correspond to my profession, and my dwelling in solitude make good my name of monk. I was there, I cannot deny it; but it was by compulsion, against my own wish. If my presence annoyed my friends, so did it annoy me. Would I had not been there; would that I had not to be present at the like business. Such labour is grievous to me; I resist, but I am forced to it. But who can free me from this yoke as well as you, noble sir? With justice, with true friendship, you object to my interfering in such matters. Arrange now what will profit a friend and befit a monk, provide that justice be satisfied, and the salvation of my soul be considered. Order these noisy frogs no more to issue from their lurking-places, but to be content with their own marshes.

In another place he begs authorities at Rome to give him such commands as might free him from the duty of obeying his bishop's calls to issue from his retreat. But this was not to be. Very beautifully is his longing expressed in a letter to the monks of the Chartreuse—

Happy those whom in the days of trouble our Lord shelters under His wing till iniquity passes away. But I, wretched, poor and naked, an unfledged bird continually exiled from the nest and exposed to the wind and the hurricane, am tossed about and reel like one drunk, and all my wisdom is consumed. Take pity then on me, unworthy though I be, for surely I am in an ill plight.

This expresses a thought evidently close to St. Bernard's heart, that our Lord reserved the familiarity of constant contemplation for His dearer friends, while he himself was sent forth from the court to labour for his Master in less favoured toils. With this thought deep in his mind, full of holy envy of those who could live undisturbed their life of contemplation, ambitioning only the glory of being a child in the house of God, no wonder that St. Bernard's words had weight in the world he held so cheap. He could never be drawn aside from justice, for nothing but the honour of his Master had any attractions for him. Happiness for him was not a great reputation, or the pleasure of society, but to be forgotten and left in solitude—

The man with whom God is, is never less alone than when alone [he writes]. Then he is free to enjoy his true delight; then is he really his own, enjoying God in himself and himself in God. Very like, then, are dwelling "in cœlis" and dwelling "in cellis." Thus are "cœlum" and "cella" connected not only by derivation, but also by devotion. Both are named from "cœlare," to hide, and what is hidden in heaven is hidden also in your cell; the occupation of heaven is the occupation also of your cell; and what is this but finding leisure for enjoying God?

With all this attachment to the hidden life, St. Bernard's career was nevertheless most active. When he saw a soul in danger, he could not rest till he had done all in his power to save it. Much more when the interests of the Church, and therefore of many souls, were at stake, he could not but raise his voice for the spouse of his Lord. To him every soul was precious, because it had cost a great price. It did not require any effort for him to realize its value. On the contrary, every question occurred to him at once in its influence on the eternal welfare of those concerned. Hence it followed that St. Bernard was most uncompromising in his denunciations of what injured poor souls.

All the power of his eloquence flowed forth to show up wrong-doing in its own deformity and in its terrible effects. Yet when he had done his duty in reprehending, his delight was to paint virtue as attractively as possible, to draw to God those whom he had frightened from sin. Two well known letters of our Saint show us these characteristics of his zeal and love. The first was addressed to a kinsman, commonly called his nephew, who, after making his profession as a Cistercian, had been induced to leave his order and join the relaxed Cluniacs.

The beauty of the letter is enhanced by the well known miracle connected with it. St. Bernard was dictating it in the open air to William, who was afterwards first Abbot of Rievaulx Abbey, in Yorkshire, when the rain came on suddenly. "The letter is the work of God," said the Saint, "write on and fear not," and it was written in the midst of the rain without being moistened. Before quoting from it, we must call to mind a few facts necessary to explain the strong expressions in it. The Cluniac reform had been started in the preceding century by St. Hugo, and to such a point of religious discipline had Cluny been brought by this holy Abbot, that it had been characterized by the severe reformer, St. Peter Damian, as "a paradise watered by the rivers of the four Gospels, a garden of delights, an arena of spiritual combats." But things changed under the Saint's successor, Pontius, who allowed every sort of relaxation to creep in during his thirteen years of office, (1109—1122). It was towards the end of this period, probably in the year 1119, that this letter was written. The Robert in question seems to have been one of the thirty who accompanied St. Bernard to Cîteaux; his profession was deferred two years on account of his extreme youth, and not long after it he yielded to the solicitations of the Cluniacs, who no doubt felt bitterly the tacit reproach conveyed by the austere life of the Cistercians, an austerity from which they had themselves so lately fallen, and availed themselves of this chance of a petty triumph.

The reader must be content to trust to the latter pages of our paper to free St. Bernard from the charge of jealousy of the Cluniacs that may occur to him, and which has actually been made by Dr. Maitland, in one of the essays in his *Dark Ages*. The whole of the "miraculous letter" is well worth perusal, but a few extracts must suffice for our purpose. They will show the Saint's heart. After shortly calling to mind the position which Robert occupied in his regard as his spiritual child, and excusing himself for the tenderness he cannot restrain, he bursts out—

Hapless me that I am deprived of you, that I see you not, that I live without you. To die for you is to me life, to live without you is death. I ask not why you left me; only come back and peace shall be again. Come back, come back, I repeat, and I will sing with joy—"He was dead, and is restored to life; he was lost, and is found."

This is the strain of love to gain the heart, but soon follows the undaunted denunciation of the act.

Ask you how this was brought about? First there was sent a certain great prior by the Prince of priors himself, without indeed clad as a sheep, but within a ravening wolf. He cheated the watchers, who esteemed him to be a sheep. The wolf was admitted to see the sheep alone. What then? He invites, he attracts, he allures. He preaches a new gospel; he praises revelry and condemns a spare diet; voluntary poverty he styles wretchedness; fasting, watching, and silence he calls madness. Does God, he asks, take delight in self-torture? Where does the Scripture order a man to be his own executioner? Is it religious life to dig the earth, chop wood, and cart dung? Why did He give us bodies if we are not to nourish them? If a man be stern to himself, to whom will he be gentle?

To put such words in the mouth of a Superior in a great order was bold enough, especially when writing to one now a member of that order; but St. Bernard pursues his point with a description of the triumphant reception of the deserter at Cluny, the favours lavished upon him, the comforts that there awaited him. Soon, however, the letter changes back to the more congenial tone of entreaty and love—

O foolish boy, who has charmed thee away from the fulfilment of the vows thy lips have uttered? From thy own lips thou shalt be justified and condemned.³ What avails the Papal absolution when it is written—"No one putting his hand to the plough and looking back is worthy of the kingdom of heaven." Art thou satisfied that they should glory in thee who have taken no pains about thee? I am like the woman who was brought before Solomon; her, I mean, whose child had been stolen away by the other woman that had smothered her own infant. I weep over my lost son; I seek back him who has been dragged from me. I cannot forget my own heart; a portion of it has been torn away, and what remains cannot but suffer torture. Truly, if ever I have offended thy new friends, they have now exacted full amends. For it is not bone of my bone, not flesh of my flesh, they have taken from me, but the joy of my heart, the fruit of my spirit, the crown of my hope; and, as I seem to feel, the half of my soul. Could they not save thee without undoing me? Aye, would that they might save thee without me. Would that though I should die thou mightest live.

Men talk of monkish austerity dulling the feelings of the heart. Does this read like the utterance of one without natural affection? That it was no mere natural love we may grant, it looked not to the body, not to this life, for it was love supernaturalized, that thought of the dear soul, the eternal reward.

It may interest the reader to know that though St. Bernard's appeal was ineffectual at the time, the fugitive was afterwards restored by another Abbot of Cluny. Peter the Venerable gave back him whom Pontius had enticed away. Robert repaid St. Bernard's pains by becoming a holy monk. He was made an abbot, and lived sixty-seven years in the order.

But was St. Bernard's zeal kindled only by that jealous and exclusive love of his order of which religious are often accused? The very next letter in the collection goes some way towards rebutting such a charge. For the cry of the zealous heart is no less sincere when addressing an apostate from the Canons Regular. And here there was less excuse

³ This St. Bernard says to meet the allegation of the Cluniacs, that Robert, the fugitive, had been offered to them by his parents while yet a baby.

for his zeal, for, as he himself says, it was no concern of his. Fulco, the deserter, was not his by kinship nor yet by adoption. But—

Charity forces me to rebuke you. I weep for you who weep not for yourself. I am wretched about you who do not feel wretched. I mourn for you the more that in your mournful plight you mourn not for yourself. But perhaps not vain is my compassion, if you will but listen to the reasons for my compassion. I wish you to know your own sorrow, that your cause of sorrow may cease.

Then again comes the hot outburst of the swelling heart—

O senseless boy, who has fascinated you away from your good purposes? You say your uncle. Thus did Adam put the blame on his wife; she again on the serpent. Accuse not the dean, for you have no excuse.

Before, we saw the denunciation of the seducing prior. The guilty uncle is not spared now—

What shall I say of your uncle's malice? He withdraws his kinsmen from the service of God to drag them down with him into hell. This is the happiness he confers on his friends. Those whom Christ calls to go with Him into eternal joys, their uncle calls to follow him to never-ending flames. Christ says—Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. The uncle says—Let my nephews come with me to perdition. Christ says—They are Mine, let them serve Me. The uncle answers—Nay, they must perish with me. Christ says—They are Mine, for I redeemed them. The uncle—Rather they are mine, for I reared them.

After the sin of the dean has been fully denounced, we are given his train of thought before the act—

If this night my soul shall be demanded of me, whose shall all these things be which I have hoarded up? My granaries are full, overflowing one into another; my ewes are fruitful in young, abounding in their goings forth; my fatted oxen, too, whose shall they be? My farms and pastures, my houses, my gold and silver plate, for whom have I amassed them? Then too I had secured to myself all the lucrative dignities of my church; though I could not secure more myself, yet all my hope was in my nephew. If he returns to the world from religion, he will be marked and disgraced, but I can better bear to hear his name in dishonour than to live without him.

Let us never forget that all this strong reprobation is directed against acts, not against men; it all has its object, and that object gained, no one would be more merciful to the returning sinner than the unsparing denouncer of sin. There are, in fact, many letters in which St. Bernard prays the Pope, or bishops, or abbots, to spare men who had shown signs of sorrow for their wrong-doings. We have a most beautiful series of letters to an Abbot Arnold, who with most of his monks had left their monastery and obedience under pretence of a more eremitical life. He argues the point with them on its own merits, he appeals to their hearts, he begs a friend in Cologne to endeavour to bring back some at least to their obedience. He writes to Arnold himself—

If I could see you, I might do some good. Perhaps you may laugh at my groundless confidence; but my presence and glance might move you. I would fall on the ground before you, I would embrace your feet, I would

clasp your knees. I would hang about your neck and embrace that loved head, which in one accord with myself was so long bowed beneath the sweet yoke of Christ; with tears I would pray to you by the Cross of our Lord Jesus, Whose sufferings you are undoing by scattering where He collected.

In those days of disorder and rapine, when every man of gentle birth was a soldier or ecclesiastic, and a soldier's life was full of wild adventures, the cloisters of a monastery must indeed have been a haven of safety. St. Bernard could compare the two positions, and his love soon burst into words to save one whom he had seen almost safely housed in religion—

Come back, come back, I implore you, before the deep swallows you up, before the pit opens its mouth to you, before you have sunk whence you may not rise. May be you are ashamed to return, because you have withdrawn awhile. Be ashamed of your flight, not of returning to the combat after flight and fighting again.

This was a matter on which the Saint would allow no compromise, no unnecessary delay. When God calls, even slowness in obeying may be fatal.

Though you are heedless of yourself I am not so of you, for in truth I love you, and the measure of my grief is my love. Love makes me mourn, and mourning keeps away forgetfulness. But alas, how sad, how bitter is it to remember! I wondered what delayed you from your promised coming. I could not think you would without grave cause violate your engagement, and such an engagement. Of old I had found you truthful and trusty. Nor was I wrong. It was a grave cause that kept you, that in truth which conquered the courageous David, which deceived the wise Solomon. But he who falls, may he not rise again? Oh, if there be still alive within you a spark of our old love, if you have any hope left of ever escaping from your most miserable thralldom, if all our confidence in you be not vain, oh, come once again to Clairvaux without delay. Otherwise know our friendship is at an end for ever.

If natural motives would avail to save a soul, they were to be used. If St. Bernard's warm heart and attractive ways had made men love him, this human love too he would turn to their eternal profit. Well, too, he knew the bitterness of parting from loved ones, warmly could he feel for the mother's loss, the grief of the child; but if God gave the call He would give also the graces necessary for the bitter separation. There must be no flinching.

I know you feel full well in your heart all I have said to you, but you are bound by your love for your mother, and are by it prevented from casting away what you have learnt to despise. What must be my answer? To leave your mother? That seems heartless. To stay with her? But it beseems not her to be the cause of her son's ruin. Or that you serve the world and Christ together? But no one can serve two masters. Do you then choose which you will, to promote the desire of one or the salvation of both. In truth, if you love her much leave her for her own sake, lest if you leave Christ to stay with her, she perish on your account. Ill indeed does she fare at your hands, if after bearing you she is undone by you. And is she not undone if she ruins him she bore? Unholy is it to despise a mother, but to despise her in comparison with Christ is most holy.

Thus, almost in the words a holy director would use to-day, did St. Bernard, eight centuries ago, encourage a youth in a vocation which

would cause such sorrow to one he loved above all in this world. The sacrifice is on both sides, so must the grace be. St. Bernard did not underrate the trial; he was most ready to act the consoler if his words could soothe the cruel wound. Natural bonds were strong then as now, and the silence and austerity of a Cistercian's life must have looked very terrible to those who knew not the consolations that made it bearable. Thus he encourages—

Every one of us at Clairvaux receives your son as our brother, yourselves are our parents. But may be you dread the severity of the life, knowing how tender and delicate is your child. But be of good cheer. I will be to him a father, and he shall be to me a son, till the Father of mercies receive him out of my hands. Weep not; Godfrey is hastening to joy, not to sorrow. I will be his father and mother, his brother and sister. I will so arrange all, that his body may not fail while his spirit grows to maturity.

But if the parents changed, the Abbot also changed. Thus does he write in the name of Elias, whose parents would fain drag him back to the world—

O harsh father! O cruel mother! rather murderers than parents, whose sorrow is the pledge of your son's salvation, whose joy would be his ruin; who would sooner I were lost with them than crowned without them; who would drag me back to the wreck from which I escaped naked, to the fire in which I was scorched, to the robbers who left me half dead. I am a soldier of Christ, all but triumphing in heaven, and they would drag me back to the world, to wallow like a sow in the mire.

But even in this angry letter the Saint does not forget to weave in motives of consolation which will strengthen the parents to bear their loss.

Still less measured is his language to a worldling who was standing in the way of a kinsman's vocation—

You have dared to discourage a young soldier of Christ from the service of his Lord. I tell you there is One Who will examine and judge. Your own sins were not enough for you, but you must needs mix yourself up with another's, and do all in your power to make a repenting youth relapse. Is it thus that with hard and sinful heart you heap up wrath against the day of wrath? Does not the devil tempt him enough, but that you, his guide, his friend, should help the evil work?

Stern are these denunciations, but the Saint ends with a call to repentance and a promise of his prayers.

So far we have seen some instances of the zeal of St. Bernard where individual souls were in question. But more remarkable are his letters denouncing those crimes which endangered many souls. Those who were avowedly employed in snatching sheep from the fold would, of course, fall most immediately beneath his zeal. Such men were Abelard and Arnold of Brescia. Abelard, as being nearest home, and a more brilliant man, gave the Saint most anxiety.

Foolishly [he writes to Pope Innocent] did I promise myself repose if only the Leonine schism were brought to an end. It has sunk to rest; not so I. I knew not that I was in a valley of tears, I forgot that I was in the land of forgetfulness. Sorrow is made new, not ended; tears have

flowed in streams, because evils have abounded; and the snow is fallen upon those who had felt but the hoar frost. Books are flying abroad, and they are carried into towns and villages. Poison, as if it were honey, or rather poison hidden in honey, is given to all to drink. A new gospel is preached, a new faith is taught. We have explanations of virtues and vices without morals, of sacraments without faith, of the mystery of the Blessed Trinity without simplicity or moderation.

The letter then relates how Abelard had retreated from the disputation he had arranged with St. Bernard and appealed to Rome.

Thou then, O Successor of St. Peter, shall judge whether the opponent of the faith of Peter shall find refuge in the See of Peter. When thou wert small in thine own eyes, the Lord raised thee up over kings and kingdoms. And wherefore but that thou shouldst weed and root up, build and plant? Seize then the foxes that are ravaging the vineyard while they are still cubs, lest they grow and be multiplied, and thy successors despair of doing what thou didst not thoroughly accomplish.

St. Bernard was not without reason for his anxiety. Abelard had been first condemned in the year 1121, just nineteen years before, and though he had apparently repented, had become a monk, and even been elected abbot, there was reason to fear he had still been propagating dangerous doctrine. He was a man of very acute intellect, but applying his philosophy to the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity without sufficient humility of mind to accept what exceeds understanding, he fell into dangerous errors. His eloquence was as attractive now as in the days when he ruined the young Eloise; his doctrine was going abroad to the ruin of souls—

We have escaped [writes St. Bernard to Pope Innocent] the roaring of Peter the Lion, who occupied the seat of Peter, but we have fallen foul of Peter the Serpent, who attacks the faith of Peter.³ The one persecuted the Church of God openly, like a ravening lion; the other like a serpent, lies secretly in ambush to destroy the innocent. But Thou, O Lord God, wilt bring low the haughty looks of the proud, Thou wilt trample on the Lion and the Serpent. The former did harm during his life, but his life and evil doing ended together; the latter, by committing his tenets to writing, has taken care that his poison be transmitted to posterity and bring ruin to every coming age.

Here is the secret of the abhorrence ever shown, not only by St. Bernard but by holy Church, to heretics; this is the explanation of all the scathing denunciations we read in the Fathers against such men. It is not the person of the heresiarch that is their object of attack, but his teaching must be stopped at all costs, and if he is spreading his errors in the guise of holy doctrine, if he is going about in the garb of an ecclesiastic to destroy the poor and simple, who can wonder at the bitterness that filled the heart of such a lover of souls as St. Bernard, that dictated such denunciations to his pen, and allowed him no rest till by letters and personal entreaties, by ecclesiastical councils and civil authority, he had crushed the evil? Then his calmness returned, and

³ Peter de Leone was the name of the Antipope, and Abelard's name was also Peter.

he could rejoice to see the delinquent die peacefully, a repentant monk in the cloisters of Cluny. But we must listen to St. Bernard's appeal to the Pope—

To no one does the bride so freely make known the injuries she meets with, to none does she more trustingly confide her woes and her lamentations than to thee, the friend of the Bridegroom, to thee, my lord, to whom she is intrusted in this her place of pilgrimage. Among all the various hostile powers by which the Church of God is surrounded, placed as she is like a lily among thorns, there is none that brings upon her greater danger and suffering, than when she is rent from within by those she carries within her womb and nourishes with her milk. A new faith is being framed in France. Master Peter and Arnold have stood up and come together against the Lord and against His Christ. They are corrupt and hateful in all their works, and from the heaven of their own corruption they are corrupting the faith of the simple, they are inverting the moral order, and staining the chastity of the Church. . . . Abelard has appealed for protection to those who should condemn him. What effrontery, what a conscience must be yours, that being a persecutor of the Church, you appeal to the guardian of the Faith. Will you, the violator of the bride, stand without cowering or turning pale before the friend of the Bridegroom? Oh, if I were not kept here by my duties to my brethren, if I were not chained down by my ailments, how I should long to see the friend of the Bridegroom supplying the Bridegroom's place in zeal for the Bride. Do thou, O most dear Father, not keep thy aid far from her; look to her protection; buckle on thy armour, for already the charity of many is growing cold.

St. Bernard spared not himself in the good cause. On this matter alone we have nearly twenty of the Saint's letters, and among them several written to Cardinals in Rome to rouse their zeal against the false teacher. To one he writes—

Whenever I enter your reception-room you rise to show me honour. Rise now to vindicate my cause, nay, rather the cause of Christ.

We find no such appeals to his friends for personal favours, nor even in behalf of his order. Another he exhorts—

If you are a son of the Church, if you know your mother's breasts, abandon her not in her sorrow, withdraw not your shoulders in the day of tribulation.

St. Bernard's pains were not lost. Abelard was condemned in the same year (1140) by a Council of all the bishops of France, presided over by King Louis, and though he appealed to Rome, yet finding his cause hopeless, he entered into himself, recanted his various errors on the Trinity, freewill, and the hypostatic union, and ended his days holily under the care of Peter the Venerable.

Arnold of Brescia was a man of a lower type, who also gave our Saint some trouble. He did not confine himself to abstract opinions; he especially attacked all holding of property or external dignities as a crime in churchmen, and spread wherever he went ideas subversive of civil and ecclesiastical government. He had been expelled from many of the Italian States, and coming into France had joined himself to Abelard. This "armour bearer of Goliath" St. Bernard hunted out of

every lurking-place. To a bishop in whose diocese Arnold had taken refuge, he writes—

Arnold is a man neither eating nor drinking, but with the devil thirsting for the blood of souls. Such marks does he leave everywhere behind him that he never dares to return to a place where he has once been. Therefore is he a vagabond over the earth, and since he may not dwell among his own people, he goes about among strangers, seeking whom he may devour. Therefore do you cast forth the evil from among you, though a friend of the Bridegroom would do better to throw him in fetters than to drive him forth, for thus you would prevent him from doing harm elsewhere.

St. Bernard does not forget to add the reason for his severe words—

I do not wonder that you could not foresee the hour and prevent the thief creeping in by night. But I shall wonder if, now that he is detected, you do not recognize his true character, lay hands upon him, and prevent him from carrying off your booty, those most treasured trophies of Christ, souls I mean, stamped with His Image, bought with His Blood. . . . Arnold is a wanderer and an outcast on the earth, he ceases not to do among strangers the harm he is debarred from working at home. He is an enemy of the Cross of Christ, a sower of dissension, an originator of schisms, a disturber of the peace, a destroyer of unity; arms and arrows are his teeth, his tongue is a whetted sword. His words are smoother than honey, but they are javelins. By flattering speeches and mock virtues he wins over the rich and powerful, and when he has gained his point you will see him trust to a military tyranny, and let loose his violence against the bishops and every order in the Church.

St. Bernard saw that the Church was strong in the hearts of the people, not in the swords of the mighty. Then as ever she was the people's true friend, the enemy of tyranny, under whatever name it shrouds itself. Even in dealing with such a man as this, St. Bernard could not forget the value of a soul. He writes to the Legate Guido—

You have hopes, methinks, of converting this man. Oh, that your hopes may be realized! Who may grant us to raise up from this stone a child to Abraham? What a welcome present would it be to mother Church, to receive from your hands to be a vessel of honour what has so long been to her a vessel of reproach! Try, but be prudent.

Neither the prayers of St. Bernard nor the efforts of the Legate availed to work this conversion. After causing great troubles in Rome, Arnold finally ended his life at the hands of the executioner in Tuscany.

We must briefly notice one more instance of St. Bernard's zeal against heresy. While learning something of the Saint's character, we may also learn to buoy up our own hope by seeing the multitude of troubles that have ever assailed the Church, and that our own time is perhaps hardly so singular in this respect as we are inclined despondingly to think. The errors spread abroad by Peter de Bruys found unhappily many supporters. While Peter the Venerable was attacking a sect of them in one quarter and St. Norbert in another, St. Bernard was denouncing the followers of an heresiarch, Henry, who had gained a footing at Toulouse. The most terrible effect of his teaching was the entire disregard of the sacraments, for these fountains of grace were the special object of attack. St. Bernard, in his letter to Count Ildefonsus,

whose signory these errors were ravaging, complains specially of the loss of baptism by the infants—

The road to eternal life is closed to the little ones of Christ by the refusal of baptism. They are not allowed to draw near their salvation, though the Saviour cries for them, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me." Why, why, I ask, does he grudge these little ones to the little Saviour born for them? Does he think that they need no Saviour? To no purpose then did the great God become small. . . . On this account, in great weakness of body have I journeyed hither, since this wild beast is raging here while there is no one to resist him.

Then the Saint appeals to the people to save themselves, and to crush out the plague from among them—

The wolves who came to you in sheep's clothing are unmasked; they were devouring your people like bread, like sheep for the slaughter; detected are the wolves that were laying waste that most precious vineyard of the Lord, your State. Wherefore, most dearly beloved, hunt them down and lay hands upon them, and rest not till they be wholly destroyed, and have fled from your territories, for it is not safe to sleep with serpents near.

St. Bernard's cares were not confined to prowling wolves. Unhappily, the loose lives, the worldly ambition, the neglect of duty, which rendered even the shepherds of the flock too often worse than useless, caused him no less trouble and anxiety. But this point we must defer till our next paper.

R. C.

Conscience makes Cowards of us all.

IF we except the late Lord Palmerston, who, some thirty years ago, was universally regarded as either the instigator or the abettor of every revolution that disturbed the continent of Europe, there have been but three distinguished and consummate statesmen, to whom Italy, France, and Germany owe all the many changes that have recently passed over them. First in order of time, and perhaps also in order of unscrupulous ability, stands Count Cavour. He was a man of very large capacity. He understood the politics of Continental Europe better than any statesman of his day. Deeply possessed with the ambition of aggrandizing the house of Piedmont by uniting Italy under the sovereignty of the Princes of Savoy, he was wholly without conscience and without scruple as to the means by which this end was to be gained. The subtlety of the Italian mind supplied him with an endless variety of sophistical reasonings, by which he could disarm suspicion and lull to rest the just misgivings of timid but honest minds. Whatever weapon came to hand, whatever seemed at the moment to be best suited to his purpose, like a prudent craftsman, he employed, regardless of conscience, honour, and truth. He was a Catholic, and he was anything else, not according to his humour, but according to the probable bearings of his religious attitude upon the objects so dear to his heart.

If Count Cavour was not the author of the celebrated aphorism, "A free Church in a free State," he, at all events, ostentatiously used it in the hope of winning over to his side a large and wavering class of Liberal Catholics in France, Italy, and England. It was a fair-sounding formula. It implied the most entire equality between Church and State, each within its own province. The Church would have its religious houses, schools, colleges, churches, cathedrals, bishoprics, and all that it deemed necessary for the maintenance of

religion and the advancement of the faith. The State would act with perfect fairness. It would guarantee the liberty of the Church in its fullest sense, liberty to preach, liberty to teach, liberty to protect its own sacraments, and liberty to develop by association the higher life of the soul. In return for all this guaranteed liberty, the Church had only one small sacrifice to make—namely, to place itself at the mercy of the Italian Revolution. It had to surrender at discretion, and to confide unhesitatingly in the loyalty and honour of the members of the secret societies, Garibaldi and his filibusters, Victor Emmanuel, and Cavour himself.

Wonderful to relate, there were Catholics, earnest and well intentioned, who were sufficiently weak and short-sighted to be deceived by these fair-speaking words. To them this formula indicated a *locus standi*, on which the claims of the Revolution could be reconciled with the rights of the Church. Nothing more easy than that the State, keeping within its own limits, should protect the Church working for the safety of society and the salvation of mankind. Nothing more easy—if earth were heaven, if kings had no false ambition, and if statesmen were always genuine Christians. No one can believe that Count Cavour ever desired to have “a free Church in a free State,” or that he thought such a state of things possible in Italy. But it suited his purpose to use such language, which the Sovereign Pontiff, speaking later on of *Le Pape and Le Congrès*, pronounced to be *ipocrisia insigne*. But hypocrisy and sincerity were one and the same to Cavour, and he was only too pleased to use well-sounding phrases of ambiguous meaning, if by so doing he could delude the unwary, and push on his ambitious projects. He succeeded, as we said, in deceiving some, and so far he gained his end. It is unfortunately by means such as these that political purposes are too frequently subserved. Duplicity, cunning, bribery and corruption, a fair exterior and a false heart are the weapons most familiar to dishonest politicians. These were extensively employed by the Sardinian Minister in subverting an order of things in Italy, which, whatever its defects may have been, had rendered the people more happy, contented, and prosperous than they have been since, or are likely to be for many a long day to come. Cavour was at home in the use of such weapons, and he did his work cleverly. But he did not live to see its completion. A sudden and unprepared death

hurried him to his account. He died not reconciled to the Church, and not legitimately assailed.

His confederate, or his ally, was the late Emperor Napoleon the Third. We wish to speak of him with all consideration. His fall was great; his misfortunes are recent. Few men bore reverse of fortune with more dignity than the Emperor Napoleon. It may be said with truth, that in his exile at Chislehurst he won more friends and evoked more real sympathy than when he reigned in the Palace of the Tuileries, almost the proudest and mightiest monarch in Europe. In private life he had a virtue which is often found wanting in princes—he was ever true to his friends. No man who befriended him before he became Emperor remained unrecognized, or, if it were needed, unrecompensed in the hour of his prosperity. And, what redounds very highly to his praise, he made no attempt, when all the resources of France were at his disposal, to enrich himself or his son. He died poor.

His public acts, however, are matter of history, and as such they will be considered here. In his early life, a member of one of the most dreaded of the secret societies, Napoleon the Third was either unable to dissociate himself from the traditions of this confederation, or he still voluntarily clung to the political views with which he had grown up. The humiliation of Austria, the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, and the creation of an united Italy, were the dreams of his early days. Either by necessity as the member of a secret society, or by choice as a politician, Napoleon threw himself into the arms of Cavour, and gave him the most powerful and effectual aid. But it was not always straightforward and open support. It was hesitating, and as if the Emperor were continually halting between two opinions. At one time he was a Federalist, at another a Unitarian in Italian politics. He weakened Austria, strengthened Prussia, kept a garrison in Rome, encouraged the Italian troops to seize on the Romagna, and even after his fall, was the first to congratulate Victor Emmanuel upon his entrance into Rome. Cavour had no more faithful confederate than Napoleon the Third; and if Italy has to thank him for its present unity, the Princes of Italy must regard him as having acted towards them with treachery, and the Apostolic See owes to him the betrayal of its rights and the loss of its ancient possessions.

In the day of his prosperity, no man maintained and spread abroad political doctrines which afterwards recoiled upon himself with more terrible effect in the hour of his adversity. It was Napoleon who moulded the diplomacy of "non-intervention," a doctrine which put out of view all idea of right and wrong, which left the weak at the mercy of the strong, and which reduced the intercourse of nation with nation to a mere question of the most cold-hearted and calculating self-interest. It was he who preached up the doctrine of "accomplished facts," which signifies, in political language, that however glaring the wrong or injustice committed, once done it must be accepted for ever. "Non-intervention" was meant to apply to the Italian army invading Naples and Rome. "Accomplished facts" were intended to back up the sacrilege and treachery which despoiled the Holy Father—first, of the Romagna, and secondly, of Rome itself. Alas, for unhappy France! Alsace and Lorraine are "accomplished facts," and "non-intervention" proved an ugly, disagreeable, and unseasonable doctrine when hordes of Germans were laying waste those fair provinces which had chosen for their ruler the most strenuous advocate of this same "non-intervention." It was, indeed, once generally believed that the Emperor Napoleon was a man of consummate sagacity. It seemed for a time as if he were, for men were dazzled by the brilliancy and success of his sudden rise to power. But, in truth, he was a man of indecision and of expedients. He was outwitted by Cavour, and he was outwitted by the Prime Minister of Germany. The former used him to create an united Italy, the latter to consolidate the German power. It was the duty of the French Emperor in the first instance to provide for the interests of France, and, without doubt, Napoleon was under the impression that he had always done so. Yet who could say that the interests of France were duly provided for, by raising up on either side of her two powers whose interests would always be more or less at variance with the interests of France, and which must necessarily combine together against her, whenever France might show a disposition to interfere with the projects of either?

The third great actor in the events of our day has been Prince Bismarck. Some eight or ten years younger than the late Emperor Napoleon, he surpassed him in vigour of constitution, in resoluteness of will, in concentration of purpose, in determination of character. If Cavour laboured for an united

Italy, Bismarck worked for an united Germany. There was one principle common to them both—"The end justifies the means." In contrast with them, and especially with Bismarck, the Emperor was in truth the simplest man in the world. Bismarck led him on step by step to his ruin. He turned him round his finger. He pretended to entertain and to favour certain schemes of annexation that had taken possession of the Emperor's mind, only in order that he might get him more completely into his power, and thus be one day enabled to hold him up to ridicule and scorn. No better illustration of this can be found than in the recent revelations of General La Marmora. Bismarck treated his supposed friends and allies very much as a skilful angler plays with his rod and line. It may well be believed that the Prussian Minister never for one moment intended to part with one inch of German ground. He is not the man to yield to the foreigner any province or department of the Fatherland. To do so would have been against his natural instincts, as well as against the whole drift of his policy. But it is also quite certain that he deluded the Emperor Napoleon and others into the belief that he intended to make concessions of territory. He listened to the Emperor's schemes. He appeared to meet them half way. He was not averse to the French annexation of Belgium on condition of being helped to the German possessions of Austria. He might even have yielded the Rhenish Provinces for more important acquisitions elsewhere. One can imagine the astute Prince smiling in his sleeve at the unguarded proposals of the too-confiding Emperor. He was all along amusing himself at the expense of his supposed friend, his object being to throw the Emperor off his guard, to bring him more securely into his net, and thus to make of him a more certain prey. So, also, with respect to the war with France. Every one knows that the war was instigated by, and determined on, by Prussia under the guidance and direction of Bismarck. Yet with surprising cunning, he contrived to throw the whole odium of breaking the peace upon France. As a tall bully at school often provokes a weaker boy to attack him, so Prince Bismarck irritated the Government of the Emperor to such a pitch, that at last it fell into the trap cleverly laid for it, and secured for itself the censure of public opinion for commencing the most disastrous war of modern times. The real culprit was the Prussian Minister, the scapegoat was the unfortunate Napoleon. In the politics of such statesmen there is no place for honour,

truth, fair-dealing, and candour. Everything is self-interest, real or supposed, and to secure this, no means are considered unworthy of use which are likely to gain their end.

Prince Bismarck is at this moment the most mighty Minister in Europe. He rules with almost absolute power. It is his mind and his will which is moulding the character and the destiny of the German Empire. In one sense, he is the greatest man of the day, if we limit greatness to immense resolution, boundless resources, an iron will, a hard heart, and a cool judgment. Certainly, his determination of character, his tenacity of purpose, his unbending pride, are qualities that invariably raise a man above his fellows. The world at large regards him as very wise and as very sagacious. The *Times* almost justifies his cruel deeds against the Catholic bishops and religious, on the ground that they must be right because so wise a prince regards them as expedient. We have no wish to run him down. Bitter enemy as he is to all that we believe to be good and holy, it would be too poor a revenge to deny him those qualities which the world in general recognizes as singularly distinguishing him. He has many characteristics of a great and wise man. He appears to see far before him, and to lay his plans with much coolness and forethought. His calculations are almost mathematical, and he deals with nations and peoples, and churches, as a skilled player moves and distributes the chessmen on his board. Yet after all a clever man may make mistakes. And he must be a far-seeing man who will undertake to declare unhesitatingly, that Prince Bismarck has not committed two of the gravest mistakes into which a statesman with so much pretension to sagacity could be betrayed. His first mistake is his attitude towards the French nation. It has hitherto been an axiom in politics, that you ought to regard the actual enemy of to-day as the possible friend of to-morrow. Implacable hostility is not the policy of any civilized state. Even in ordinary life a man gains much and loses nothing by being generous in the hour of triumph, and empires have more to gain and more to lose than individuals. Yet this is a consideration which does not seem to have occurred to the supposed far-seeing sagacity of the Prussian Prime Minister. He sees the present moment. He does not see the future, or the possible future. His enemy is down, and in all history there has been no example of less generosity, or less magnanimity towards a fallen foe. He is down. Keep him down. Load him with most heavy retributions.

Give him no ease. Exact from him the forfeiture of his dearly-prized provinces. Occupy his fortresses. Demand an indemnity, such as never before was asked by a conqueror. Teach civilized nations a new system of warfare—conquest, confiscation, plunder, and booty—the lust of power and the greed of gain. Make your victim feel that he has nothing to obtain from your mercy, or your nobleness of mind, or your sense of fairness. Exasperate him and drive him to despair. In his madness he may rise against his tormentor, when common prudence would tell him that he has no possible chance. Then you can wreak your vengeance to the very full, and like bullies and cowards, strike while your enemy is down. This is the system of warfare inaugurated by the Prussian Minister. It is a return to savage times. It is redolent of the Huns and Goths, and it almost makes one forget that there has been such a religion as Christianity. In another point of view, it reminds us of those cold, selfish, inhuman money-lenders, who experience a brutal pleasure in lending to some poor needy wretch, the more sure they feel that his necessities being so great, they will be able to get him more completely into their power, so that they may at their convenience wring from him the uttermost farthing. Was Shakspeare a prophet? Had he the gift of seeing into futurity? One is disposed to think he had. Surely Shylock is but another name for the greatest statesman of the day.

Antonio. Hear me, good Bismarck.

Bismarck. I'll have my bond.

I have sworn on oath that I will have my bond.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Bismarck. I'll have my bond. I will not hear thee speak.

I'll have my bond : and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercession. Follow not.

I'll have no speaking. I'll have my bond.

It has been on such principles as these that Bismarck has carried out his claim for indemnity, preceded by requisitions, sustained by the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and followed by supplementary interest, and supplementary post-office charges. He has had his bond, and he has made it as clear as the sun in heaven, that there is no room for mercy in such a heart as his.

The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,

Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed.
It blesses him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth get the dread and fear of things.
But mercy is above his sceptered sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself.

Such sentiments are moonshine to the sagacity of the German Prime Minister. His brief decisive answer is—

My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

There is only one ground on which a cold and inexorable position such as this, can rest any pretence to justification. It may be asserted that this attitude is tolerable, on the supposition that the war with France is only half over, that the present state of things is no more than a truce, and that hostilities must soon commence again. The report, indeed, gains ground, that Bismarck has written to the German Ministers at the Courts of Europe, to say that a second war with France is inevitable, and that he reserves to himself the right to commence hostilities, whenever he considers it most opportune for Germany. This is the substance of the rumour that has gone over Europe, and which it is said has been communicated to the German Ministers at the various Courts. Having driven France to desperation, having taught her in the hour of Prussian triumph that she has nothing to expect from the forbearance of her victor, Bismarck feels that his only course is to endeavour to crush her more than she has been crushed. There is a vision floating before his mind of the partition of France—though who is to share its various provinces with him, he has not as yet determined. He will perhaps divide it on the principle of the lion in the fable, "*Je prends la première, à cause de ma qualité de roi des animaux ; la seconde, comme étant le plus fort et le plus courageux ; la troisième, parce que je la veux, malgré vos dents ; et que quelqu'un touche à la quatrième, s'il ôse.*"

Our concern, however, at present, is not with the designs of Prince Bismarck as they exist in his intention, but with the question—Are they proofs of sagacity and wisdom? Do they leave on our minds the impression that he is after all the

exceedingly wise, prudent, and skilful statesman that he is represented as being? Is it a proof of sagacity to keep the whole of Europe in continual dread of fresh wars of conquest? And who are likely to suffer more terribly from these renewed wars than the Germans themselves? It will be the same whether they conquer or whether they fail. Hitherto, as far as we have learned, the taxation of Germany has not been lightened, although the Imperial treasury has been enriched by the enormous French indemnity. This indemnity has gone to increase the materiel of war; but we have not heard that any portion of it has been expended in rendering more easy the burdens of the poor, in improving their dwellings, or in developing the arts of peace. If the people have not been benefited by the recent indemnity, neither are they likely to be benefited by a future one. On the other hand, they are certain to suffer the most bitter losses. The German army it must be remembered, is recruited from the higher and middle classes to a greater extent than any other. In the late war Germany lost the best blood in the country. Her proud princes, her wealthy merchants, her thrifty tradesmen, the flower, the youth, and the strength of the land, fell on the field of battle. The severe military system of Prussia, with its inexorable conscription, moreover, have driven terror into the minds and hearts of the poorer classes. The consequence has been, that since the late war, emigration to America has almost amounted to flight from Germany. The Prussian Government, we believe, has made strong efforts by its usual system of stringent laws, to check this flow of emigration, but we suspect with little success. What will be the condition of Germany after another such war as the last? It is not, we repeat, a question of victory or defeat. It is a question of life or death. Where is the empire that can afford twice within a few years, to check its commerce, to disturb its trade, to put on vastly increased burdens, to fill its homesteads with a fresh batch of widows and orphans, and to leave the blood of its chivalrous and manly youth to moisten the green fields of a hostile country? Can any man say, that the statesman who, goaded on by the lust of conquest, deliberately enters on a policy so fatal as this, has any true claim to be regarded as wise, far-seeing, and sagacious? Is he not certain to stir up against him the bitter and enduring resentment—not of the foreigner whom he subjugates—but of the Empire of which he is now the moving spirit? Are there no Communists,

Socialists, Democrats, in the Prussian dominions? Have men no hearts in Prussia, to be wounded and pained by the wailing of the disconsolate widow and orphan? Is it a proof of consummate wisdom and patriotism to convert the magnificent Fatherland of Germany into a second Egypt, wherein, in every house, there shall be "one dead"? And when burdens are heavy, and trade crippled, and those who should have taken their fathers' places are laid low in the grave by cruel warfare, is it not likely that these same Communists, Socialists and Democrats, will have something to say? Will they not begin to ask themselves why the energy and the life of the Empire should be spent only to gratify the pride, covetousness, and ambition of a hard military bureaucracy? It happened to the writer of this article to meet at one of the hotels in Rome, the year before last, a somewhat remarkable man. If he was not a Communist, he was at all events a very ultra-Democrat. He was a German by birth and residence. He entered into conversation, and volunteered to express his total disagreement with the ecclesiastical policy of Bismarck. This led to further remarks about the great German Minister, in the course of which it came out that our casual friend was accustomed to say one, and only one, prayer every night and morning. What might that prayer be? It was a prayer that Bismarck might live for ten years. And as the casual friend did not profess to be a Christian, he avowed, as the motive of his prayer, that if Bismarck lived for ten years his whole policy would prove a failure, and he himself would come utterly to ruin. Whatever we may think of this gentleman's religion, if he had any, in all probability his sagacity and his foresight will prove, in the long run, superior to Bismarck's.

But if the idea of a fresh war, which is to keep Europe in hot water, to preclude the possibility of any reduction of armaments, and to make each nation of the Continent live in dread that its turn may come next, be no great proof of sagacity and wisdom, the present persecution of the Church in Germany, as far as one can judge, is an evidence of more than usual shortsightedness. Glancing at matters superficially, it is difficult to understand why Prussia, in the moment of her triumph, should enter on a crusade against the Catholic world. For a long time Prussia was on rather friendly terms with the Holy See. She was tolerant of the Catholic Church, and there was no serious cause of disagreement between the spiritual and temporal

powers. During the war she provided Catholic chaplains for the army, allowed the wounded soldiers to be nursed by Sisters of Charity, and before the war was over, it seemed, on the whole, tolerably certain that if Prussia should be victorious, she would give the Catholics of the Empire, at least as much liberty as Catholics now enjoy in England. And if her object had been the consolidation of the Empire by peaceful progress, without doubt this was her true and proper policy. But no sooner did she rise so unexpectedly to such enormous power, than she launched forth into a deliberate persecution of the Church. In private life sudden prosperity sometimes turns a man's head. And yet it is not probable that the cool and able statesmen now at the head of affairs in Germany have been thrown off their balance by the unexpectedness of their success. The plan they have entered upon bears every mark of calm and resolute determination. It has been carefully thought out; and whatever we may think of the kind of forethought, there is forethought about it. Possibly the old Protestant spirit could not resist the lust of persecution, now that it appears to be irresistible in power. It is remarkable that Protestantism, professing to be the advocate of the rights of conscience, should never let go an opportunity of persecuting the Catholic Church. The religion of the Emperor William, of Bismarck, and of the Prussian Court in general is very problematical, but the instincts of their political Protestantism are undeniable. They saw their chance. They are up; the Pope is down—at least, so they think. Rise and have at him. Now is your opportunity. Fine, confiscate, imprison. Gag the mouths of the bishops; terrify into submission the inferior clergy; remove all facilities for teaching and promulgating the Catholic religion—and the work is done. As one of their own deputies is reported to have said—not Rome, but Germany has spoken—*Causa finita est.*

Besides the innate persecuting spirit of Protestantism, other motives may have induced the Government of King William to take up the sword of persecution. Prussia is overrun with secret societies. The Freemasons are especially powerful in Germany, as in Switzerland. There may have been some compact between Bismarck and the secret societies, that in the event of his success in the French war, he was to direct all his energies to the overthrow of the Catholic Church. The secret societies are the sworn enemies of Christianity, and there

are no weapons, however vile, which they are not willing to employ in their vain attempts to destroy the Church of God. But it still remains a matter of surprise, how a clear-headed statesman, as Prince Bismarck is supposed to be, could be inveigled into such a league, and how he could suppose it probable that he should meet with ultimate success. Even the *Times*, in a recent article on the Catholic Meeting at St. James' Hall, is forced to admit that if the Catholic bishops and people are conquered by fine, imprisonment, and other persecution, it will be for the first time in history. Military men, brought up under the red-tapeism of Prussian official administration, are apt to imagine that there can be no resistance to these straight-laced police regulations. Officialism is everything. It overrides all law and all conscience. Cæsar must have not only "the things that are Cæsar's," but he chafes and fumes unless he also has "the things that are God's." He stands amazed that any one should question his right, or should hesitate to yield obedience, when he passes beyond his lawful jurisdiction. He is a Protestant who has read his Bible, and who makes his boast of Bible Christianity. Many Prussians are short-sighted, but they are especially short-sighted when they read the Scriptures. They do not see that the same demand to render to Cæsar "the things that are God's," was made of St. Peter, and with as little success, as of the Archbishop of Posen. Perhaps in their version of the Scripture, St. Peter's answer is omitted. It is probably an Ultramontane interpolation. "If it is just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have heard and seen." They do not read the history of the Christian Church. They do not see that the same demands were made from Christians in all the great persecutions of old, from Nero to Diocletian, and that in every instance Cæsar was unsuccessful. They do not see, especially, the persecution of Julian the Apostate, which, in its subtleness of character and in its severe enactments, more nearly resembles the persecution of Bismarck than any that the Church has as yet gone through. And yet what were the dying words of the Apostate Julian? "Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" It is a pity that Bismarck and his agents are so short-sighted. It is to be regretted that they do not read history. More clearness of sight, and more knowledge of the past, would save them from future discomfiture. But there are deeper motives than these which have

induced Prince Bismarck to commence an internecine war with the Catholic Church. Looking at the state of Europe at present, Liberalism, meaning by that term the union of irreligion and revolution, is spreading on all sides. It is undermining every throne in Christendom, it has taken away the temporal power of the Pope, and the chief corner-stone being gone, all else is ruin and confusion. This Revolutionary Liberalism is a many-headed monster. It is sometimes constitutional, sometimes absolute, sometimes purely democratic, and sometimes socialistic. If in its wilder form it gains the ascendant, we shall have over again all the horrors of the early French Revolution. No one perhaps sees this more clearly than Bismarck, and no one has adopted a more original way of dealing with it in its worst development. He takes the bull by the horns; he proposes to himself to guide it, and by throwing persecution of the Catholic Church as a bait to Cerberus, to bring it gently under his power, to control it and to master it. Nothing the Revolution hates so much as the Catholic Church, which is the principle and foundation of all law, order, and authority. I will go on therefore, reasons the Prussian Minister, against the Catholic Church; it will please men of many parties, it will gratify the Protestant feeling of Germany and of England. It will delight men of no religion; it will satisfy the Revolution. Men of the worst opinions will feel that they owe me a debt of gratitude, if I succeed in weakening and in injuring the Catholic Church; after this they will be more ready to listen to reason, and thus it is that I shall be able to moderate their violence, to win them to obedience, and to turn the Revolutionary Liberalism of the day to useful purposes of the State. There is such a thing as reckoning without your host. The Liberalism of the Continent will accept the injury done to the Church, and will be thankful for it; but will it accept King William and Prince Bismarck? As long as they do its bidding they will be tolerated, but this Liberalism is not so blind as to be unable to discern the existence of other enemies than the Catholic Church. The Church is its enemy because it speaks of truth, justice, honour, and conscience. King William and Bismarck are its enemies because they are compelled, by their very position, to go in for some sort of law and order. A spiritual authority is not so easily destroyed as a temporal authority, and therefore it is that the game that is being played by

Bismarck is so far more intricate and difficult, and so far less likely of ultimate success than, in his simplicity, the Chancellor of the German Empire dreams. It is a game that has been played out before. It has been played out in the early French Revolution. "Egalité" played it. Louis Philippe played it in the Revolution of 1830. They ended by being the victims of the Revolution instead of its controllers; and he must, indeed, be a far-seeing man who will predict that such will not be the speedy fate of Bismarck himself. No one, we are convinced, feels all this more deeply than the German Minister. There are manifold indications that he is not at ease. Notwithstanding all his boasting, and all his ostentation of power, he is more than half conscious that he is in the wrong. Conscience makes cowards of us all, and, strange as it may appear, there are signs that Prince Bismarck has a conscience; the signs are indicated by his fears. As murderers are haunted by the victims of their cruelty, so Prince Bismarck is haunted by phantoms and spirits of Ultramontanism. He sees them everywhere. They are in the Cabinets of princes, in the churches and colleges, in the boudoirs of ladies, in the columns of the daily papers, and in the market-place. As to Whalley and Newdegate every one is a Jesuit, so to Bismarck every one is an Ultramontane. We believe that he secretly regards General La Marmora, Victor Emmanuel, and the Italian Ministers at Rome as Ultramontanes of the deepest dye. It is this feverish dread and fear of Ultramontanes that renders him afraid of the least breath of public opinion. He catches at straws. He tries to magnify into importance the contemptible demonstration that was lately got up on his behalf in London. He has not, however, been able to ignore the importance and dignity of the Catholic Meeting at St. James' Hall, convened to support the rights of conscience, and to denounce the basest tyranny of modern times. We take this opportunity to congratulate the Catholic Union, and the noble duke at its head, upon the success of this meeting. It was all that it ought to be. It was attended by almost all the Catholic aristocracy of the country. Those who were not able to be present bodily, were present by a hearty concurrence with its objects. There was no hitch whatever; everything went on smoothly. The Archbishop's letter to the meeting was short, to the point, and in every sentence

most appropriate. The meeting told at once upon the public feeling of the country, and made all honourable men ashamed of being classed with the sympathizers of Bismarck. On future occasions, when public matters affecting the honour and the interests of the Catholic Church are concerned, we hope, and we believe, that the Catholic Union will make itself be heard as loudly and as clearly as in the case of the Bismarckian persecution. We shall be glad to hear that the example of the Catholic Union, under its noble president, has been followed in America, and in every other country where freedom of action and the rights of conscience have not been crushed by an unwarrantable tyranny. Let there be a loud voice, clear, unanimous, and unmistakeable, claiming for the Church of God liberty of speech, liberty of action, liberty to "render to God the things that are God's," as we are called upon to render to "Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

But this unanimous voice will not render matters more easy with Bismarck. His own conscience is our avenger. Day and night he is haunted. The ghost is Ultramontanism. He sees it, as we said, everywhere—in heaven above, in the earth beneath, in the waters that are under the earth. Day and night he is haunted, now by the figure of the Archbishop of Posen, robbed of all things, and for God, and for conscience' sake, a prisoner in the dungeons of Prussia. Now it is the cry of the religious disturbed in their daily work of charity and driven into exile poor and unfriended. Now it is the loud manly voice of the Catholic people of these islands, protesting, in the interests of freedom and of religion, against the tyrannous ecclesiastical laws of Germany. Again, it is the public newspapers—the fulsome praise of the *Advertiser*, which, even to Bismarck, is more galling than its blame, the high-sounding, quasi-agreement of the *Telegraph*, the milk and water support of the *Times*, and the out-spoken censure of the *Tablet*. They follow him wherever he goes. They take away his sleep. They destroy his rest. His very food is Ultramontane. At the dinner table even the napkins assume an Ultramontane shape, and appear like so many mitred bishops mocking at his misery, and laughing him to scorn. An unquiet conscience leads to an unquiet mind. The wrongs inflicted upon the Church, and the secret sense of the false step taken by the infliction of these wrongs, are bringing with them, even now, their own punishment. Conscience makes a coward even of the great German

Minister. His brain reels. His mind wanders ; tall, pale,
ill-used Ultramontanes pursue his every step. At one time he
cries out—

Art thou not fatal vision sensible
To feeling as to sight ? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind : a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain ?

And then, in the stillness of the night, pacing up and down
his chamber, seeking rest and finding none, this same unhappy
conscience, stricken with fear, compels him to cry out—

But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer.
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly ; better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

Verily, Conscience maketh cowards of us all.

W. G. T.

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Thomas Grant, First Bishop of Southwark.* By Grace Ramsay. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1874.

MOST cordially do we welcome this valuable addition to our Catholic literature. When first we heard that a female pen was engaged on the life of the saintly Bishop—it may have been a reflection of his own sentiments about “womankind,” but we in common with some others, felt regret that a male, if not an ecclesiastical pen, had not been employed on the work. However, now that the task is completed, and well done, too, it would be ungenerous not to acknowledge at once that our apprehensions were groundless, and that the gifted authoress did not over-measure her strength. Much more doubtless could be written about the good Bishop, but in the volume before us we have a faithful portrait of the man such as those who knew him can at once recognize, and traced by a loving and reverent hand.

Thomes Grant was the son of a soldier, born of a good old Irish and Catholic stock. He came from—

No diluted sort of modern Liberalism, but an acre of “good soil,” watered for many generations with the grace of sacraments, enriched with the fertilizing dew of Mary’s blessing, and planted with all the fair and sweet-scented flowers of Catholic tradition.

He was born on the 25th of November, 1816, the feast of St. Catharine. A printer’s error has made this into the 5th, but students during Dr. Grant’s Rectorship of the English College in Rome will remember that the 25th was always kept by him and his students (never dissociated on any little festive occasion), and that the saint’s day only was mentioned. It was only in after years that some of them became aware of the double significance of the anniversary. Very early in life the signs of his future vocation seem to have shown themselves. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the circumstances of a soldier’s life that surrounded his young days could be but little suggestive of his future career.

From the time he was able to answer that question so often addressed to children by their elders, “What will you be when you grow up, Tommy?” the reply invariably was, “I should like to be a bishop.” Whether the

confident belief in his own future, which the repetition of his determination implied, impressed any one else with a like belief, it is impossible to say, but it so happened that when Thomas was not yet eight years old, the 71st (his father's regiment) being stationed at Cork, an old lady bequeathed to him in her will a handsome gold cross that had formerly belonged to St. Thomas of Canterbury, with the remark that it was for "little Tommy, when he became a bishop."

The authoress appears to suppose that this cross was really worn by the Bishop in after life, but we venture to say that if it ever came into his possession before he was made a Bishop, it did not remain there long. So important a relic of their holy Patron would not have remained unknown to his students during his rectorship, so that unless some one had taken care of it, like the chain, we feel pretty certain that the good old Cork lady's intentions were never carried out. At any rate, we can certify that the cross Dr. Grant habitually wore as Bishop was made specially for him, and was the gift of his students in Rome at the time of his promotion.

There is a slight error at page 21 with regard to the honorary title of captain held by the Bishop's father. This was given on his retirement from the army, and not during the time of his service as quarter-master.

In reading this life we cannot fail to be struck with Bishop Grant's great, indeed unbounded, considerateness for everybody he came in contact with. He seems to have been always on the watch for opportunities of showing kindness to every one, rich and poor, for he was no respecter of persons. Very striking, too, was his spirit of thankfulness both to God and man. No one we believe ever heard him in all his life accused of ingratitude. Indeed, it seemed as if he never could do enough to show his gratitude for even the smallest acts of kindness from any one. There are many proofs in the story of his life that all this had its rise much more in his deep humility and charity than in mere natural goodness of heart. Bishop Grant possessed in a remarkable degree the exquisite and delicate tact of never being overpowering in his kindness, seeming on such occasions to be more like receiving than bestowing favours. He had a wonderful way of making people feel at once quite "at home" in his presence. We have heard an Anglican clergyman contrast his experience of meeting Bishop Grant with that of the society of his own prelate—much, alas, to the disparagement of the latter.

An amusing account is given at page 221 of the awe inspired by his impending first visit to the place where his remains now rest, the Orphanage at Norwood.

The day of the promised visit was awaited with considerable trepidation, and prepared for with the usual solemnity that attends such stirring events in a convent. It was a soft sunny day in September, and everything looked bright to welcome the Bishop; banners, red, blue, and green, adorned the community-room where the guest of the house was to be received, and flowers and pretty devices made the house look as festive and gay as its poverty permitted. But when these splendid decorations were complete, a great

question arose about what the Bishop was to sit upon. The one arm-chair which the house could boast was not quite appropriate, being a high, monumental seat, made expressly for a deformed sister, and in which the ample proportions and lofty stature of the Cardinal had shown to great effect on similar state occasions, but which it was found would produce a comical effect with the diminutive figure of the new Bishop; there was no help for it however; so the monument was brought forth and installed in the place of honour at the top of the room. Meanwhile, the priest, arrayed in his cope, and the nuns drawn up in line, awaited his lordship near the door of the chapel; but the time passed, and no Bishop appeared; presently he was discovered in the midst of the children, having quietly slipped in by a side door unperceived, and being outwardly divested of any sign of his rank, the children had taken him for a simple priest, and to his delight were not at all shy in making acquaintance with him. After benediction he was conducted to the community-room, where the banners and the formidable arm-chair awaited him. Dr. Grant seated himself, and at once catching the comical side of his position, he observed to the children that his feet were dangling several inches from the ground, "just like you little ones perched on those high benches in front there!" In the mirth provoked by this incident, calculated slightly to ruffle the dignity of any one less self-conscious than Dr. Grant, all timidity and bashfulness were put to flight, and from that time forth the Bishop and the children were sworn friends.

Such was his first visit to Norwood, and if there was one place in his diocese that he loved more than another and took delight in visiting, it was the Orphanage. They were bright days (and they were many) for the orphans and their devoted guardians when the good Bishop came to see them. His simplicity and holiness went direct to their hearts. Their esteem of him was often a source of trial to his humility.

Sometimes he contrived to take refuge in a joke. As once, for instance, when a black cow, which was the chief prop of the Norwood dairy, died, and the Sister who had charge of that department announced the catastrophe to Dr. Grant on his next arrival, adding like Martha, whose words she almost unconsciously used—"O my lord, if you had been here, the cow would not have died!" They were near the wash-house where the children were all assembled. Dr. Grant threw open the door, and pointing indignantly to the Sister, cried out, "Listen to this, children! She wants to make out that I killed the black cow!" And under cover of the roars of laughter which greeted the denunciation, he made his escape.

There are few passages in the book more touching than that which records his visit to Norwood to announce the premature death of Mgr. Vesque, Bishop of Roseau, their former chaplain.

The news of his death affected Dr. Grant deeply; but, as usual, his first thought was for others. He went at once to Norwood to break the intelligence to the nuns and the children. On entering the class-room all noticed that his countenance was overcast, and that his manner had none of its habitual brightness. He went straight towards the portrait of Mgr. Vesque, which was suspended over the mantelpiece, pointed to it in silence, and then knelt down and gave out the first verse of *De Profundis*. There was no need of further explanation. Sobs broke from every part of the room; the Bishop continued the psalm with an unfaltering voice to the end; then rising, he sat down and gathered the orphans around him. At first his heart was too full to speak; he could not find any words of comfort, but took up Father Faber's *Tales of the Angels*, and read it aloud from beginning to end, pausing at intervals to draw some consoling thought from the page;

he dwelt a long time on the exquisite picture of Philip's death. "God," he said, "never plucks a flower unless He wants it—never to throw it away. When He cuts off an Apostle apparently in the midst of his Apostolic career, it is a sign that the career is in reality finished, and the time come for the reward." He remained till evening, alternately praying with them and consoling them.

He was truly the father of the orphans, and it is a striking fact that the very last visitor he received a few days before he died was one of his old orphans, who was servant in an English family in Rome. When on his travels either in his diocese or out of it, and even in the hurry of a journey on the Continent, the orphans were never forgotten. He always inquired beforehand from the Sisters, whether any of their former pupils were living in any of the places he was to pass through, and if so, he made a point of going to see them, often at considerable inconvenience, and what others less charitable than he was, might call, loss of time. How very far though such an expenditure of time and trouble was from being a loss is wonderfully and most touchingly exemplified at page 251. The story will not bear shortening and it is too long for extract.

Those who saw much of Dr. Grant are well aware that for very many years he constantly suffered great physical pain. And yet, to most, the details of his great sufferings, gathered as they are in this book from many sources, come almost as a new revelation of his life. Few we believe ever exercised greater patience and self-control than he did. His bright and genial manner left little room for those who met him, to imagine the agony that in the last eight years of his life seems to have been his almost inseparable companion.

His activity in the work of his diocese, during the nineteen years of his episcopate, 1851—1870, was untiring. He literally *never* spared himself, and how he managed to find time for all he did, and for everybody, is a marvel. One thing, however, he was the sworn foe of procrastination. More than one of his friends will probably recall occasions when on returning with him to St. George's after a walk, the writing table has been found covered with letters. These the Bishop would at once open and answer, continuing conversation all the time, and instead of excusing himself for not talking, as most persons so placed would fairly have done, he would not let one leave him in peace but would insist upon writing and talking as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

We have dwelt particularly on the Bishop's love for his orphans, and we have seen, too, how strongly it was reciprocated. With how much sound sense all this was accompanied we may learn when we read that—

He could not bear to compress children by rules and forms, so as to make them stiff and reserved, or shy of showing their real selves to those over them; much as he prized order and symmetry in all things, he was ever ready to sacrifice them when he saw they acted as fetters on a child. "Let them be natural," he would say, "and if they feel naughty let them show it; nothing is so dangerous as keeping a child in a state of artificial restraint."

But we must draw to a close. We could go on for ever culling extracts from this delightful book, to read which is at once a pleasure and a pain, for it gathers up very much for which those who loved the good and holy Bishop must be ever thankful to the authoress for preserving, whilst it awakens very sad memories, and reminds us of how much we lost when he was taken from us. We hope the book will have a wide circulation, and wishing this we rather regret that its cost must keep it out of many hands. This, however, may be remedied in a second and cheaper edition, the value of which we cannot help remarking, would be much enhanced by an Index.

J. V.

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2. *Count de Montalembert. Letters to a Schoolfellow.* Translated by C. F. Audley. Burns and Oates, 1874.

These letters, which appeared a few months ago in one of the French Catholic periodicals, and have since been reprinted in France, should be in the hands of every one who loves Count de Montalembert's memory, and wishes thoroughly to understand his character. Nothing can possibly be more genuine than his impetuous generosity, his boyish precociousness, his rude and sometimes too freely squandered sympathy. The letters are thoroughly French in character. The translation is very good, but no translation can disguise Montalembert. Here, for instance, is a boy of eighteen—

I owe you an account, dear and excellent friend, of my last hours in Paris. On leaving your house, with a heavy heart I hastened to Cousin, with whom I had a long discussion about Herder, which lasted no less than two hours. I was supported by Leroux, belonging to the *Globe*, and after this hard fight, he proved him to be a Socinian. Cousin was delightfully witty for all that, and most friendly to myself. He seems to have taken quite a liking to me, and embraced me on parting; he recommended me to read Kant, and I promised to do it, diligently giving him a faithful account of my readings. In the course of the evening, I called upon the Duc de Rohan, still most kind to me, notwithstanding a hot debate we had about the protest of the bishops.¹

Here he is a few months after with his great scheme for the history of Ireland—

I begin to-day by the subject which I always wish to bring in at the end of my letters. I mean the plan that fills my whole mind at present. By reading the admirable speeches of Grattan, I have discovered, as it were, a new world—the world of Ireland, of her long sufferings, her times of freedom and glory, her sublime geniuses, and her indefatigable struggles. The universal interest now felt for Ireland, and the remarkable circumstances in which she is placed at present, have tempted me to unfold before the eyes of those Frenchmen who care for Ireland the highly interesting annals and the sundry revolutions of her history. My Irish parentage on my mother's side, my deep knowledge of English, and my acquaintance with several families in that country, have confirmed my first ideas on this matter, and I have determined upon writing a history of Ireland from the year 1688, and

¹ The protest of the French bishops against the ordinances of 1828, suppressing the Jesuit establishments in France.

to do it as soon as possible, in order that it may be published, if that can be done, before the vital question of the emancipation is solved. There is perhaps no country presenting such a plentiful harvest of events equally interesting and unknown. I shall have to show the desperate war fought by the Irish Jacobites against the revolution of 1688 and its principles; the subjection and persecution of the whole nation under William III., Anne, and George I.; the strenuous but ill-supported efforts of Swift, Molyneux, and other patriots who were estranged from each other by religious differences and the times in which they lived; nearer to our own the glorious revival of Ireland in 1782, her admirable revolt in 1798-99; and lastly, the sad but interesting debates on the Legislative Union in 1801, which deprived Ireland both of parliament and independence. In this undertaking I shall be happy to attain a two-fold object: first, to hold forth to France certain constitutional models, and the example of a nation which lost its liberty by too great complacency to the throne; secondly, that of doing justice to Catholicism by a picture of the virtues and patriotism it developed in Ireland. What do you think of this fine project? Tell me your opinion with that friendly candour which I am almost ashamed of recommending to you. Tell me whether my youth and inexperience ought not to stop me at the very first step.

Here is his testimony to the beauties of the Vale of Avoca—

You scarcely foresaw, dear and beloved friend, when three years ago you sent me at La Roche-Guyon that charming melody of Moore's bearing the name of the place from whence I now write to you—you scarcely foresaw, I say, that in 1830 I should date my letter from the same spot. I myself indeed hardly imagined it, and even three week ago I scarcely presumed to hope for it. Here I am, however, and here I am with my heart full of admiration and love for that Ireland I had so well guessed at, which I loved so rightly without even knowing her. For the last three days since I left Dublin, I have been in a perpetual state of delight. I really don't know how to establish a graduation in my admiration, nor how to find words to express it, so perplexed is my mind by the numberless and various beauties which passed before my eyes during these three days. And yet the result of all this enchantment is a deep feeling of melancholy predominating over all my enjoyments, and taking hold of me whenever I remember that this lovely land is not my own country, and that I shall perhaps never see it again. No, never, neither in France, England, the Netherlands, nor even in Germany, did I meet with anything comparable to the wild and picturesque defiles of this Wicklow country. It even surpasses those islands of the Stockholm bay which I formerly preferred to everything else, but which are now eclipsed in my eyes. I won't attempt to give you the slightest description of them; I could not do them justice in words, still less in writing. Only figure to yourself the grandest and yet the most lonely landscape; torrents abounding in numberless cascades, struggling to make their way through perpendicular rocks; forests of almost fabulous depths; meadows and swards full worthy of the Emerald Isle; and then old abbeys, *modern* residences and lodges built in the purest gothic and airy style. Place, moreover, in such a lovely landscape the most pious, most cheerful, most poetical population in the world. Then again say to yourself that Grattan passed his childhood here; that he meditated his speeches along these torrents; that one of these residences was bestowed on him by his fatherland, and that therein he lived in his old age; that all these beautiful lands were sanctified and immortalized by the rebellion of 1798. Well, figure to yourself all this, and you will still have but a faint idea of what I myself felt for the last few days.

3. *Storia della Arte Cristiana Nei Primi Otto Secoli della Chiesa.* Scritta dal P. Raffaele Garrucci, D.C.D.G., &c. Prato, 1872. Dulau and Co., 37, Soho Square, London, W.

As Father Garrucci informs us, in his Introduction to this truly colossal work, the plan of which embraces the universal history of the Christian arts of design till the beginning of the mediæval period, the idea of it was first suggested to him in an archæological expedition through Italy, in which he accompanied the late Father Arthur Martin, S.J., so justly celebrated for his researches into the production of Christian arts during the middle ages. As will be seen, the author has strictly confined himself to the still extant specimens of painting and sculpture that serve to give shape and expression to the Christian idea. Architecture obtains but a passing notice, and with a view to the complete realization of his plans, the epigraphy, or inscriptions on Christian monuments, are but incidentally treated of. The ancient monuments of the local Church of Rome form by no means the exclusive subject-matter of consideration, every Christian production of the arts of design, dating from any of the first eight centuries of the Christian era, in whatever locality it may have appeared, is made to enter into the plan of the work, which is thus no less Catholic in its execution than in conception. But we must allow Father Garrucci himself to unfold his plan to our readers.

"The work will be issued in bi-monthly numbers, each of which will contain, besides the letter-press, five engravings.

"The text will be divided into seven volumes. Vol. I. will contain the theory and history of art, divided into twelve books. Vol. II. will treat of the paintings discovered in cemeteries; Vol. III., of paintings found elsewhere. Vol. IV. is devoted to mosaics; Vol. V. to the sculptures on the sarcophagi; Vol. VI. to sculptures of every other description. Vol. VII. will close the series with a treatise on the paintings and sculptures of the Jews and early heretical sects, to be followed by dissertations and a copious Index."

The well known ability of the erudite author sufficiently warrants the expectation of the priceless advantages to be derived from his pages by the student of Scriptural exegesis, of Patristic lore, and of ecclesiastical history. Together with eloquence and poetry, the plastic arts of painting and sculpture are means of education most adapted to man's compound nature, which can assimilate to itself all the pregnant facts of the history of the race, and religious or moral ideas, only inasmuch as they are presented under a concrete and sensible form. We say it with all reverence, the great central fact of human history, "the mystery of godliness," the Incarnation, may be viewed as a condescension of Divine Love to a need consequent on the normal conditions of our mental activity, which require every *word* to be made *flesh*, every idea to be embodied in some tangible form, if it is to be grasped by the intellect, and to exert any appreciable influence

on the life of the individual or of humanity. The exigences of sectarian strife have for awhile blinded men to the fact that the valuable aid afforded by the plastic arts could never, save under the pressure of untoward circumstances, have been dispensed with by an institution like the Church, conscious as she must ever be of her lofty mission of exalting and civilizing, in the highest sense of this much misused term, a fallen, degraded race. Thus the work of Father Garrucci, besides its artistic value, may be considered as a contribution to theology, in that it sets before us the symbols under which the Church of the primitive ages conveyed the saving knowledge of the conditions and hopes of man's fellowship with the Father of all the brethren of His Christ. We leave Father Garrucci for the present, hoping soon to return to him, and to give our readers a deeper and more determinate insight into his erudite pages.

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4. *The Divine Glory of the Sacred Heart.* By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Burns and Oates.

The Church in England owes a debt of sincere gratitude to the Archbishop for the beautiful as well as timely sermon, whose title we have given above, preached by his Grace last Rosary Sunday. A dogmatic authoritative statement of the truths involved in devotion to the Sacred Heart, was indeed to have been looked for at the juncture when this appeared. The public press, some of whose organs have had the misfortune of employing writers denying the Athanasian faith under guise of protesting against Tridentine canons, had delivered their opinions regarding devotion to the Divine Heart of our Lord. It had become the special point of question, not to say attack, on the one hand, as of theological defence and loving devotion on the other. The pilgrimages of so many Catholic provinces to Paray-le-Monial challenged European attention. The sons of nations whose mutual contests had become ancestral and traditionary, enrolled themselves there as brothers under the standard of the Sacred Heart. They converged and met together on the common ground of that faith, universal in time and place, where there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor Scythian, but Christ all in all. They knelt together, prayed, and, with an ardent burst of devotion such as "makes the whole world kin," they even wept together at the shrine of that humble convent chapel, which had been the very fountain of a special adoration of the Heart of God Incarnate. Such an act, that seemed, in a sense, to bring back the gift and the fire of Pentecost, blending all tongues and hearts in one, awoke the wonder of those whose imperfect Christianity gave them no sufficient clue to its deep meaning. It elicited, inevitably, an amount of scornful irreverence proportioned to the reality of the mystery with which it dealt, and to the increased devotion with which it was enriching the Church of God—*fluminis*

impetus letificat civitatem Dei. The irreverence and the scorn were on the surface, and for the moment ; legible on the pages of the ephemeral press. But beneath that surface, and beyond that moment, worthier minds and hearts were being stirred ; and we truly believe, with the Archbishop, that honourable witness may be borne to the public opinion of England in what must be called a crisis in religious belief. His Grace says, in words we would fain adopt in their generous fullness—

Though there were many strange sounds and some uncouth and sharp sayings from the tongues and the pens of men, yet in the main the utterance of the English mind, as we read it daily, was full, perhaps, of a perplexed wonder, but also of a true reverence, partly out of respect for honest men fearless in confessing their faith, partly out of a manly reverence for a sacred subject, and, perhaps, too, out of a consciousness, half-suppressed, that they did not comprehend it as fully as they ought (p. 26).

To make all men comprehend this devotion, as fully as their responsibility extends, to those uncalled to theological study, is an object successfully attained by his Grace's sermon. Few Catholics, we think, will rise from it without feeling that their perceptions of the degree to which devotion to the Sacred Heart enters into the essence of the faith, have been intensified and made more distinctly clear. None, who are unhappily aliens to the faith, can give it their honest attention without putting home to themselves the question, How far they do, in spirit and in truth, hold the Divine Incarnation ? The Archbishop has been here, as his position demanded of him, the spokesman of the Church in England. This is surely the present work we have to do for thinking minds and yearning hearts by whom we are surrounded, who watch the utterances of Catholicity with a personal, anxious unrest, which they are not always prepared to acknowledge even to themselves. We have to show them that Christianity is one consistent whole, of which evil men three centuries back deprived them of integral portions, and thus ruined the arch by plucking out this or that stone at their will. This truth is beautifully, and with his accustomed power, developed in the Archbishop's sermon. To the hopefulness with which he regards the results of the increased devotion to the Sacred Heart, his almost concluding words give testimony—

I believe that the work of grace which God has revived in the midst of us in these days is a providential warning. I believe that this restoration of the light of the Sacred Heart has been ordered to revive, with an intense fervour and with a seven-fold ardour, our devotion to the Person, the Name, the Passion of our Divine Redeemer. It is come to restore the faith of England—first, in the Incarnation ; secondly, in the presence of Jesus upon the altar ; thirdly, in a joyful recognition that the title Mother of God is truly the right of her who bore into this world the Divine Infant, God the Son Incarnate.

A great grace, then, has been poured out upon us and upon the people of England ; and there will come a time, hastened by these things, when thousands and ten thousands of hearts will return again to the true Mother of their faith. I believe that in the confusion we hear around us the announcement may be heard that the light of the Incarnation will spread once more over England in renewed splendours, from sea to sea.

5. *La Terreur*. Etudes Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Revolution Française. Par H. Wallon. 2 tom. Paris, Hachette, 1873.

There is a sort of fascination about the oft-repeated story of the first French Revolution which it is difficult to account for. New books are continually published with the end of elucidating those dark and bloody scenes, books which are not merely speculations or romances, but the fruits of serious study, and containing an apparently exhaustless supply of documents unknown to earlier writers. Mr. Carlyle, with all his faults, is an industrious student of the materials for history which belong to any task which he imposes upon himself; but his book, the most popular account in our language of the great Revolution, is practically almost obsolete on account of the date at which it was written. Englishmen, in general, have no idea at all of the extent to which religious questions influenced the course of events; nor on the other hand are we at all accustomed to do justice to the *ancien régime*, or to the hearty liberality with which all classes in France, from the highest to the lowest, entered upon the work of improvement which was so soon to be turned into a work of destruction. The work before us, however, does not invite our attention as filling any gap in our knowledge in this respect. It is, as its title implies, devoted mainly to the Reign of Terror itself. It embodies articles which M. Wallon has contributed from time to time to the *Correspondant*, and some considerable part of it has never appeared before. It presupposes, as a writer in a leading French review must always pre-suppose, a larger knowledge of the main facts of the history of the Revolution than is commonly possessed by ordinary Englishmen, and without some such knowledge it would not always be as intelligible to the reader as its author might expect it to be. This general acquaintance with the main story would, however, be easily acquired from any ordinary book on the subject, and when we are once furnished with this, we shall be led on and on in M. Wallon's pages, and not be easily inclined to put the book down, though after all it is but a record of folly and crime, brightened here and there by the heroic Christian virtue of many a victim, as well as by the comparative humanity and kindness of many a poor soul who was involved, wilfully or perforce, in the terrible crimes of the Revolutionary tribunals and other similar agencies.

We need hardly inform our readers that the two small volumes before us cannot pretend to give a full history of the "Reign of Terror." M. Wallon's chapters are rather what articles in the *Correspondant* were likely to be—critical accounts of works on the great subject—than narratives. The *Histoire de la Terreur* has been written in seven volumes by M. Mortimer-Ternaux, whose work must, we suppose, be called the classical authority on this terrible story. M. Wallon's first chapters are upon this work, chapters which embody the results of a laborious comparison of all other books of interest

and authority which cover the same ground, or a part of it. We begin, then, with the middle of 1792, from which date commences what M. Wallon calls the preliminaries of the Reign of Terror, the 20th of June, when the Tuileries were first attacked and invaded, though the insurrection did not completely triumph; the 10th of August, the fatal day of the massacre of the Swiss Guard, the last day of the monarchy of Louis the Sixteenth; then we pass on to the days of September, the massacres in the prisons, the meeting of the Convention and the proclamation of the Republic, and so on to the 21st of January, 1793, the execution of the King—followed in less than six months' interval, by the revolution of May 31st and June 2nd, which led to the fate of the pitiful Girondists who might have saved their sovereign. M. Wallon devotes a special chapter to this last phase in the great drama. As he passes on to the Reign of Terror itself, he gives another chapter to the special consideration of Mr. Carlyle's history, a chapter which may be recommended to the fanatic admirers of that gentleman. His verdict on the book is worth quoting—"One takes up this book out of curiosity, and one gets on in it *comme piqué au jeu*; but it cannot be finished without fatigue. As we read it we feel more emotion than astonishment, and as we lay it down we cannot help saying, *Voilà beaucoup d'esprit bien mal employé !*" We may add, that as a good Frenchman, M. Wallon objects to Mr. Carlyle's famous passage about the *Vengeur*. It appears that "the *Vengeur* did not sink itself, and that those of its crew who could escape death did not refuse life, but the vessel perished with more than half its crew after a glorious fight, and that the last cry of the dying was, *Vive la République*." The fourth and fifth chapters of the book relate to the state of Paris during the reign of the Mountain, and especially in 1794, when the miseries of famine came to aggravate all others.

The second volume is divided into two long sections or chapters, and is confined to the Reign of Terror, itself so called. Next we have a careful *résumé* of the best authorities as to the condition and management of the many extemporized prisons into which the *suspects* and other objects of revolutionary hatred or fear were so ruthlessly crowded. This part of the work is full of terrible interest and anecdotes, a great many of which show the extreme *sang froid* as well as the true Christian courage of the victims. Many of our readers may remember a book published a year or two ago by Miss Yonge, a translation of M. Beugnot's memoirs. Beugnot was for some time an inmate of the Conciergerie, and his description of what he saw there is the most striking part of his work; the mixture of indifference with despair, of the ordinary vanities and coquetries of French life—the ladies and gentlemen could meet and converse at certain times of the day—with the sense of the imminent danger of the Revolutionary Tribunal and the guillotine for any one of the party, the medley of horrors and frivolities, of abject cowardice with Christian courage, make it difficult to stop when we have once begun. The second part of this volume is given to the

Revolutionary Tribunal itself. This famous instrument of savage barbarity had its various epochs, increasing in severity and injustice until the final catastrophe of the Reign of Terror—the destruction of Robespierre. If we are rightly to estimate this period of the French Revolution, we must remember that what was done by the Revolutionary Tribunal was not the act of a Government frightened out of its life into momentary excesses. The whole system was coldly thought out and deliberately built up. “It was,” says M. Wallon, “a legal *régime*, resolved on in cold blood, and the issue of calculations. ‘La Terreur’ was established in the heart of the ‘Comité de Salut Public,’ as in its castle, it had the Convention to send forth its decrees, and the tribunals to execute them; ‘revolutionary tribunals,’ criminal tribunals ‘judging after revolutionary fashion,’ ‘popular commissions, military commissions,’ and the rest. Add to these the committees of ‘surveillance,’ and the ‘popular societies,’ which were instituted over all the country for the authorities which had been freely elected, which received their impulse directly from the great Committee in Paris, and which undertook to furnish the tribunals with their daily meed of victims. For the avowed and proclaimed aim of the Government of Terror was to exterminate everything that does not march along with it.” The history of sanguinary tyranny probably contains nowhere a document equal in atrocity to the famous law of the 22nd of Prairial, which still exists in the handwriting of Robespierre, with many careful corrections to make the measure more effective. The “Revolutionary Tribunal is established to punish the enemies of the people.” “The enemies of the people are those who seek to destroy the public liberty, either by force or by treachery.” “The punishment of the crimes, of the cognizance of which belongs to the Revolutionary Tribunal, is death.” “The proof necessary to condemn the enemies of the people is every kind of evidence, material or moral, verbal or written, which can naturally obtain the assent of any just and reasonable mind. The rule of the decisions is the conscience of the jurors enlightened by the love of their country; their aim is the triumph of the Republic and the ruin of its enemies. The forms of proceeding used are the simple means which good sense points out for arriving at the knowledge of the truth in the forms determined by the law.” There was to be no “interrogatory” of the accused; witnesses might be dispensed with, if there were any other kind of proof, material or moral; as for defence, “the law gives as defenders to patriots who are calumniated, jurors who are themselves patriots, but it grants no defenders to conspirators.” Even if perchance an accused person were acquitted, “no accused person can be set at liberty (*mis hors de jugement*) before the decision has been communicated to the Committees of Public Safety and General Security, who will examine it.” Such was the system which would probably have been restored for a time in Paris in our own days if the Commune had triumphed—which for all that

we know, may yet be restored, unless the mercy of Providence should save France from the fate which the enemies of religion and society are still endeavouring to force upon her.

6. *The Life of Charles Dickens.* By John Forster. Vol. the Third. Chapman and Hall, 1874.

Mr. Forster's work is now complete, and will enable the thousands of readers of Charles Dickens to learn all that is to be known of him except from his works. A last volume in such a work has always a tinge of sobriety and even melancholy about it, and this particular last volume is no exception to the general rule. At its commencement we find Dickens at the very height of his fame, just on the conclusion of *David Copperfield*, the novel of which he was most fond, of which he thought most highly, and which contains, as is now known, a very large instalment of what is almost autobiography. It contains also, in Mr. Micawber, that sketch taken from some of the peculiarities of the author's own father which it is unpleasant to have to connect with a real original in such a manner. Mr. Forster says all that can be said in defence of his friend, but we feel that it is but an apology after all. However, be this as it may, *David Copperfield* may fairly be considered as marking the highest rise of Dickens' success as a writer. After that we have to come down to *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, and other inferior tales. Soon after we come to that cloud in the author's domestic life with which scandal-mongers made themselves busy, helped on, it must be confessed, by a most injudicious outburst of impatience in public on the part of Dickens in the shape of an announcement in *Household Words*. Mr. Forster most properly leaves the particulars of this incident alone. Then come the Readings, in which Dickens made himself a second fame; the loss of many friends, the second journey to America, the purchase of Gadshill Place, the house on which Dickens had set his heart as boy, his increasing restlessness, his loss of power, and then the sudden catastrophe.

Mr. Forster has done his work admirably and conscientiously. He has set Dickens, as he was, before his fellow-countrymen, and he has enabled critics who could form a fair estimate of his place among English novelists to illustrate their commentaries on his works by a knowledge of the man himself. The picture, we must confess, is not altogether most pleasing. It dwarfs this author by the side of many a great name of English literature, and lets us see that whatever he was as a writer, as a man Dickens was not far above the ordinary level. But it must be remembered that he had almost the greatest of all disadvantages to contest with, that of too early success, a disadvantage more likely to injure the man than even to injure the writer. Dickens held his own, as all must allow, both in society and in literature, notwithstanding a thousand snares which beset his path in each. It is easy to say that he might have been greater. The majority of men, in his position, would never have attained half his greatness.

7. *The Folk Lore of Rome*. Collected by word of mouth from the people. By R. H. Dusk. Longmans, 1874.

It would take a far larger space than we have at present at our command to do full justice to this most interesting book. It consists of tales and fables of various kinds collected by the author from the mouths of people at Rome and elsewhere in the centre of Italy; and to a great many readers it will be little more than a new collection of such tales. But there is, as many of us know, a science and philosophy of popular stories; they can be traced from land to land, and the various forms which they put on in different climates and among different races are well worthy of the study even of the historian, throwing so much light as they do on national characters. For the more philosophical class of readers there is ample food in this beautiful book, and the author has done a real service in picking up these *csempi*, *favole*, and *ciarpe*, and preserving them from the certain destruction which awaits them under the present circumstances of Rome and its inhabitants. Instead of making extracts from the stories—which would be almost unfair—we shall quote a striking passage from the Preface, illustrating the peculiar character of the Roman stories—

One could not, in making the collection, but be struck with the almost complete absence of stories of heroism and chivalry. There are some, indeed, in which courageous deeds occur; but there is none of the high-souled mettle which comes out so strong in Hungarian, Gallic, and Spanish tradition, in many of the Teutonic and Breton, and some Norse and Russian tales. Several, we shall find, are identical stories with the grand and fierce element left out. I have never come across a single story of knightly prowess in any shape. I have in manuscript one or two dragon stories, but no knights figure even in these. At the same time, tales of horror seem equally to have failed to fascinate the popular imagination, and we can trace again the toning down process in many instances. I have in manuscript several versions of the rather ghastly story of the boy who went out to discover Fear, but the Roman mind does not often indulge in such scenes as it presents. Similarly, horrid monsters are rare. "Orco" himself is not painted so terribly as in other countries. Giants and dwarfs again, being somewhat monstrous creatures, are not frequent. The stories about the *Satiri* were only told me spontaneously by one narrator: one other owned to having heard of such beings on being questioned; but there is no general popular conception corresponding to the German ideas of wild men. I have never met any one who believed in the present existence of any supernatural being of this class, and rarely with any who imagined such had ever existed (p. xvi).

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8. *Enfants et Mères*. Par Marie Jenna. Didier, 1874.

Some years have passed since a notice of poems by Marie Jenna, and a translation of one of her prettiest pieces, "A plea for a bird just caught," was given in this Review. There is the same freshness, tenderness, and high-toned good feeling in the volume now before us, and some of the poems are genuine songs, full of melody and charm. In fact, *Chants pour les Enfants et les Mères*, would have been a pretty and very appropriate title for Mademoiselle Jenna's book. It

is possible that the writer might not sustain her reputation by prolonged, continuous subjects; but we should like to see her attack some theme that would bring out her full powers, and give scope for a more lasting effort of that teaching which her pure and high tone is calculated to impress. A faint effort at rendering one or two of these songs into English may perhaps induce others to translate more of them, and with the understanding that the attempt has the effect of robbing the originals of that special grace and freshness which belongs to them, they may still give more pleasure to some of our readers than a mere transcription of the text. The first little poem selected is of the simplest kind, but its very simplicity makes it pathetic. It is called *Quand je serai grand*.¹

"Thy head upon thy office-book is bent,
On me with mournful look thy brow is bent,
Nay—hear my childish plan.
And weep no more those round and pearly tears,
But, mother, think of all the strong, bright years,
When I shall be a man!

"If I were now grown up! the time is long,
E'en yesterday that wretch cast words of wrong,
Until perforce we ran!
Unpitying hearts our rags and hunger jeer,
But never, mother, shalt thou shed a tear,
When I shall be a man.

"Your shawl is very thin; your poor old gown
Is worn in holes and tatters up and down;
But, mother, when I can,
I'll bring you such a very warm thick cloak,
And in the cold we'll have a fire with smoke,
When I shall be a man.

"I will be good, mother; be not afraid,
Your boy will do his duty, learn a trade,
We'll make our little plan;
I've heard you say that life's a bitter cup,
But you shall yet be proud, shall yet look up,
When I shall be a man.

"We'll buy a garden at the village end.
I love to see you smile! You'll darn and mend—
For well you know you can—
Under the lilacs and the hawthorns white,
And little birds shall sing my mother bright,
When I shall be a man."

For that brief while the mother heard and smiled,
The bright-haired boy her fever aye beguiled;

"I bless thee while I can,"
She murmured, in her broken accents low;
"Forget me not, my darling, where I go,
When thou shalt be a man."

The next poem, *Marguerite*,² is of a very different kind, and suggests a more thoroughly poetical order of thought.

O Lady Margaret, at red sunrise,
God's fresh-born, holy hour,
I saw thee bend thy thoughtful, violet eyes
Upon the daisy flower,

¹ P. 31.² P. 61.

When all the world lay dreaming, drowned in sleep,
What said thy word of power?
I whispered, "Pearl of field,
All wordless in thy praise,
White star in emerald shield,
Thou spreadst thy golden rays;
But I can give my heart,
Be mine the better part."

O Lady Margaret, when you reclined,
Beside the purling stream;
What image, pictured in thy limpid mind,
Informed thy waking dream?
I said, "Bright ribbon, winding through the grass,
Singing thy joyous song,
The glancing sun-rays pass
Thy crystal waves among;
Paint bush, and reed, and flower,
Green willow, radiant fly;
But my more magic power,
Their meaning can espy."

O Lady, when yon bird with glancing flight,
Soaring above thy head,
Shook orange-scented, chesnut petals white,
Like daisies on the mead,
What saidst thou, maid, to that glad winged thing?
"O friend of men and flowers,
Spread wide thy burnished wing,
In sun and April showers
Thy cup unbittered drain,
Still griefless be thy lay;
But I my vernal strain
Shall chant through endless day."

The third poem on our list will certainly approve itself to all fathers, and mothers, and lovers of children.

Bright children, laughing in your careless glee,
With rippling laughter like a brook
Which rolleth pebbles swiftly, merrily,
From many a mountain nook;
Your joyous voices smooth the wrinkled brow,
And like forgotten dreams, awake
The long-gone past; in vivid, careless flow,
My early friends and joys come back.
So do we see, in misty autumn days,
On yellowing bush the swallows crowd,
With eager cries they chide their mates' delays,
Then fill the air with winged cloud.
Bright children, laughing on the daisied grass,
I taste with you a bygone day,
And all the fretful pain of years doth pass,
While ye still laugh away.

Fair children, in your innocence so blest,
As from green sod the snowdrop springs,
Your childish hearts are like a hidden nest,
Where peace doth brood on feathered wings;
When questions rise, a word your trouble stills,
Your eyes are pure from image dark;
Your minds God's likeness keep, make firm your wills,
Let faith be shrined in stainless ark!
And while the learned set their brains adrift,
Or with their footrule mysteries plumb,
Your hearts and eyes to heaven ever lift,
And strike the loud-mouthed tempter dumb.

Fair children, praying in the chancel dim,
 With clasped hands at dying day,
 With eyes upon the Rood, and hearts on Him
 Who loves you—ever pray !

Tired children, when your joyous day is spent,
 And sinks the red sun slowly down,
 When slowly too the heart feels downward bent,
 And all its weakness fain would own.
 When darkness spreads its shadow-curtains gray,
 And laugh, and jest, and game are done,
 And man alone must face his lonely way,
 In doubt if he tow'rd heav'n be boune ;
 When e'en the fool, bereft of love or fear,
 Must tremble in that silent hour,
 And lend the voice of God unwilling ear,
 And cease to mock His awful power ;
 Then, children, sleeping in your dreamless rest,
 While angels watch and ward aye keep,
 By mother's love still cherished—heaven blest—
 Sleep, God's own children, sleep (*Aux Petits Enfants*, p. 105).

II.—LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

1. On the Abyssinian Ordinations.

DEAR FATHER COLERIDGE,—I wish to make some very brief remarks on Father Jones' last communication.

I am sorry that he should speak of "Canon Estcourt's interpretation of the decision of the Holy Office." I hope that I am far from venturing to give any interpretation of the decree. I simply take it as it stands, and should be afraid of attempting any other mode of receiving it.

The points at issue between us are only questions of fact, viz., Whether the Abyssinian Abuna in 1704 in conferring the priesthood said any prayers or used any other form than the words, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum* ? And, whether the Sacred Congregation intended to recognize the fact of anything more being said than those words ? It seems to me that there is not evidence at hand to answer the first question. Father Jones' reasons are *a priori* presumptions, but not proofs. Statements in Alvarez, Tellez, Padre Lobo, or other writers of the seventeenth century, do not prove what was the practice in 1704. Le Grand, in his Dissertation, refers only to Alvarez and Tecla Maria. Something more definite is required to prove the affirmative, and to show the actual state of things at the time referred to.

But for an answer to the second question, we seem to have sufficient authority to guide us. Since I sent you my former letter I have had a letter from Dr. Neve, in which he says, "My recollections are rather hazy, beyond being sure that I told you correctly what had occurred. From time to time I spoke at Propaganda, and to others on the subject. One day I got a few persons to meet in the library of the Propaganda. There were Dr. Smith, O.S.B., Dogmatic Professor of the College of Propaganda, who was reputed to be up in the latest views of such

subjects ; Mgr. Capalti, then the secretary, now the Cardinal, and another Italian priest, probably Rinaldini ; and also either Father Vincent, the Passionist, or Father Burke, but I think the former. Cardinal Barnabo came in to listen to us, but did not give any opinion. The question proposed was, What course should be taken if they were asked to give a decision about Anglican Ordinations. Dr. Smith was the chief speaker. He explained very well the state of the case, and the others showed an acquaintance with the history of the English Reformation. They said it would be impossible to fight the battle on the *form of ordination*, but that the English question turned upon the *intention*, the nature of which was evident from the sermons and controversies of the times, showing the *animus* of the Reformers' words and works as *intending not* to make a priest, though pretending to do so. They were acquainted with the Abyssinian decree, as added at the end of Antoine's Theology, and accepted it as authentic. The greater number of copies of Antoine in the Roman libraries want this addition. In the English College Library only one copy has it pasted in at the end in manuscript. That Father Perrone taught as I said, I learnt from some one who went through his schools."

I remain, yours faithfully,

E. ESTCOURT.

2. *Catholics at the London Examinations.*

SIR,—Although, as you will see from my signature, I am an old-fashioned person, I trust that does not make me an opponent of any true progress, and I am especially interested in any movement that has for its object the placing of our higher Catholic Education on a thoroughly satisfactory footing. It is, therefore, with some reluctance that I ask leave to draw fresh attention in your pages to a subject which has often been already discussed in them, but which at the present moment has a peculiar importance as well as something of delicacy about it. The subject to which I refer is the anti-Catholic spirit which must, I may say, almost of necessity reign among the authorities of the London University, which spirit must often make them, in what they consider the simple discharge of their duty in the selection of books and subjects for examination, impose very grievous hardships upon the Catholic teachers who are preparing pupils for their honours or degrees, as well as upon the students themselves, whose minds may be very seriously poisoned in consequence of what they are bound to prepare for their academic trials. I am not going to speak of the most obvious dangers of all, those which beset the examinations in Philosophy. There are dangers hardly less obvious as to history, and I remember a good Catholic friend of mine complaining to me some years ago that his son came home

for the holidays from a certain Catholic College talking about "Bloody Queen Mary" and the times of the Tudors in a way which showed that the text-book out of which he had been taught was anything but Catholic in tone. I believe he found out that it was a work of Dr. Smith's that was used as a preparation for examination at London.

I suppose dangers are more pernicious when they are least suspected, and I for one should not have thought that the examinations in English literature would necessarily contain any ambuscades for the faith of Catholic youth. So it is, however, unless I am misinformed. A friend of mine has a lad who is preparing for what are called "English honours" at London, and among the work he has to prepare is a part of Langland's famous poem, *The Vision concerning Piers the Plowman*. Now I remember the complaints that were made many years ago in France (it was quite in the early days of the Catholic movement against the monopoly of the University) when some great literary man—Mr. Cousin, if my memory serves me—proposed Pascal's *Provinciales* as the subject for an examination, or a prize for which the students in general were to compete. It was felt that the choice of such a book, with all its undoubted literary merits, which might excuse almost anything, was a blow aimed at the Jesuits and their friends, and consequently, a most unfair use of the power placed in the hands of the person who made the selection. It seems to me that much the same must be said of the choice of the *Vision concerning Piers the Plowman* for the examinations at London. I suppose French youths might well be able to deal with the sophistries of the *Provinciales*, if they read them with the able Commentary of the Abbé Maynard to help them; but it is unfair in an academic trial to select a book which necessitates a considerable amount of extra study on the part of those who desire to escape the incidental mischief attendant upon mastering it—a mischief, in both the cases I am considering, affecting far higher interests than those at stake in the examination itself. As it would not be tolerated that an examiner should insist upon fixing, as the subject of a trial in Latin and Greek, some highly indecent and licentious author, because he would have no right to force the youths who were to present themselves before him to endanger their morals if they wished to obtain a pass or honours in the classics, so it is intolerable to propose a book to be "got up," for an examination on which "distinction" in English or French depends, a work which is full from beginning to end of satire against the religion of many of those who are to be examined. Such a book, certainly, is the *Vision concerning Piers the Plowman*, and to fix it as the subject of an examination is either to exclude Catholics from the competition, or to put a hard task upon the teachers or the lads themselves—the task of explaining how far the satire is true, and how far it is false.

It will hardly be necessary for me to prove this statement to any one who is at all familiar with the book in question. I may, however,

be allowed to quote two opinions concerning it, both of them taken from distinguished Protestant writers. The first is Mr. Marsh, who, in his *Lectures on the Origin and History of the English Language*,¹ speaks as follows—

The Vision of Piers Ploughman thus derives its interest, not from the absolute novelty of its revelations, but partly from its literary form, partly from the moral and social bearings of its subject—the corruptions of the nobility and of the several departments of the government, the vices of the clergy and the abuses of the Church—in short, from its connection with the actual life and opinion of its time, into which it gives us a clearer insight than many a laboured history. Its dialect, its tone, and its poetic dress alike conspired to secure to the *Vision* a wide circulation among the commonalty of the realm, and by formulating—to use a favourite word of the day—sentiments almost universally felt, though but dimly apprehended, it brought them into distinct consciousness, and thus prepared the English people for the reception of the seed, which the labours of Wycliffe and his associates were already sowing among them.

Again—

The *Vision* has little unity of plan, and indeed—considered as a satire against many individual and not obviously connected abuses in Church and State—it needed none. But its aim and purpose are one. It was not an expostulation with temporal and spiritual rulers, not an attempt to awaken their consciences or excite their sympathies, and thus induce them to repent of the sins and repair the wrongs they had committed; nor was it an attack on the theology of the Church of Rome, or a revolutionary appeal to the passions of the multitude. It was a calm, allegorical exposition of the corruptions of the State, of the Church, and of social life, designed, not to rouse the people to violent resistance or bloody vengeance, but to reveal to them the true cause of the evils under which they were suffering, and to secure the reformation of those grievous abuses, by a united exertion of the moral influence which generally accompanies the possession of superior physical strength.

The second author is Dean Milman, whose *Latin Christianity*, vol. vii., p. 536, contains the following passage—

Langland is anti-Papal, yet he can admire an ideal Pope, a general pacificator, reconciling the sovereigns of the world to universal amity. It is the actual Pope, the Pope of Avignon or of Rome, levying the wealth of the world to slay mankind, who is the subject of his bitter invective. The Cardinals he denounces with the same indignant scorn; but chiefly the Cardinal Legate whom he has seen in England riding in his pride and pomp, with lewdness, rapacity, merciless extortion, insolence in his train. Above all, his hatred (it might seem that on this all honest English indignation was agreed) is against the mendicant orders. Of the older monks there is almost total silence. For St. Benedict, for St. Dominic, for St. Francis he has the profoundest reverence. But it is against their degenerate sons that he arrays his allegorical host; the friars furnish every impersonated vice, are foes to every virtue; his bitterest satire, his keenest irony (and these weapons he wields with wonderful poetic force) are against their dissoluteness, their idleness, their pride, their rapacity, their arts, their lies, their hypocrisy, their delicate attire, their dainty feasts, their magnificent buildings, even their proud bearing; above all, their hardness, their pitilessness to the poor, their utter want of charity, which with Langland is the virtue of virtues.

Against the clergy he is hardly less severe; he sternly condemns their dastardly desertion of their flocks, when during the Great Plague they crowded to London to live an idle life; that idle life he describes with

¹ P. 296.

spirit and zest. Yet he seems to recognize the priesthood as of divine institution. Against the whole host of officials, pardons, summoners, archdeacons, and their functionaries; against lawyers, civil as well as ecclesiastical, he is everywhere fiercely and contemptuously criminatory.

I may add that the edition of *Piers Plowman*, from which I quote these opinions, the small Clarendon Press edition, by the Rev. Walter Skeat, M.A., has a number of notes, very much required, certainly, by the text, which are here and there tinged by strong anti-Catholic prejudices, as well as defaced by anti-Catholic ignorance—yet, unless I am mistaken, this edition is recommended for use by the London University. Indeed, I am not aware that there is any other available edition which could be recommended.

I hope I shall not be supposed to decry the study of the earliest remains of our noble English literature. Let it be studied, by all means, and the sooner we have a set of Catholic men of letters, who may take up the editing of such books as are too often placed by the Early English Text Society in the hands of men who are simply ignorant of the common elements of the religion of the old authors, the better. I have no objection to the elucidation of the whole literature of the age of Chaucer and Wicliffe, though no doubt it contains a great many things which will strike unintelligent admirers of all that preceded the Reformation in England as very startling revelations. But it is surely a hardship on Catholic students that they have to study the difficulties—by no means small—of the language of that date, in a book like *Piers Plowman*. And if it is a hardship, it is better that we should at once make a remonstrance, especially at a time when it is understood that the intimacy of our connection with the London University is likely to be increased rather than diminished.

Yours truly,

ONE OF AN OLD SCHOOL.

[We fear that the facts of the case are as they are stated to be by our correspondent. *The Vision concerning Piers the Plowman* is a work of the greatest importance, and of much power and beauty. It cannot be ignored by any one who wishes to be acquainted with the earliest English literature. Still, there are other books which might be made the subject of examination, and there can be no doubt that the selection of this work is a grievance to Catholics. The same has lately been done, we understand, at the University of Edinburgh, for an examination in which ladies are to compete. Those who make these selections need not be actuated by any sectarian bias. The hardship, however, is the same. We feel confident, however, that the purity of Catholic Education will be carefully defended by all authorities on the Catholic side in any arrangement with the London University.—*Editor.*]

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